

The TATLER

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London, September 16, 1931

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The TATLER

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POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and
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Price One Shilling



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

MISS FAY COMPTON IN "AUTUMN CROCUS"

Miss Fay Compton's delicate handling of the heroine in Miss C. L. Anthony's play has added much to an already brilliant record. The story of the little school-mistress on a holiday in the Tyrol who falls in love with the attractive young inn-keeper, who however is unluckily married already, is as charmingly acted as it is told by its authoress. The play has been running at the Lyric since April 6, and is one of the season's quite definite successes

The Letters of Eve



PLAYING A WAITING GAME AT NORTH BERWICK

Balmain

The Hon. Yoskyl Pearson, Miss Winifred Clark, the Hon. Robert Gurdon, and Mr. W. Loyd, ready for a game of golf. Miss Clark, who is Mr. G. O. M. Clark's daughter, is engaged to Mr. M. S. McCorquodale. Mr. Gurdon is Lord and Lady Cranworth's only son

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1

WHAT fun racing is and how I wish you'd been at Doncaster to share the Leger excitement. Though it didn't suit my pocket I couldn't help being thrilled to the marrow by Sandwich's superb *tour de course*. A bitter blow naturally for Cameronian's connections (some people insist that he was "got at"), but his owner endear-ed the sad disappointment grandly. Personally I felt Sir John Rutherford was deserving of the greater sympathy. Wouldn't you rather be last than second? Or wouldn't you?

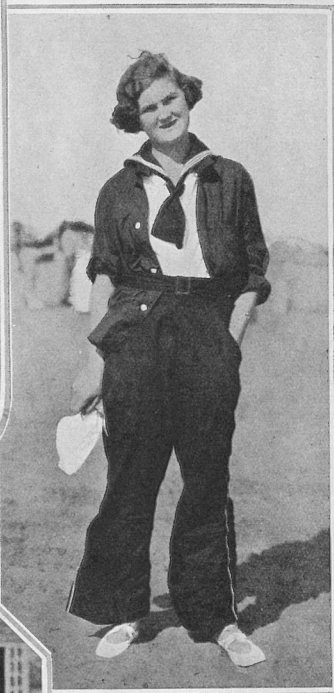
As you may imagine, good cheer attended Lord Rosebery's victory. Great celebrations. The Senior Steward of the Jockey Club is so awfully popular, and it is splendid that the primrose and rose jacket has come to the front again. Lady Rosebery, as usual looking first rate, had to return thanks almost as often as her husband, and at least one congratulatory kiss came her way.

It wasn't a nice day from the weather point of



ROYALTY AT GREY WALLS

Princess Irene of Greece and Prince Paul of Greece taking an after-lunch stroll in the garden of Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick's lovely Lutens house in East Lothian, accompanied by Miss Katherine and Miss Ursula Horlick. Colonel and Mrs. Horlick previously entertained various members of the Grecian Royal Family at Little Paddocks, their home at Sunningdale



MISS ROSEMARY PETO

Adopts a nautical beach-suiting for the benefit of the Lido. She is the engaging daughter of Major Ralph Peto, who was in the 10th Hussars during the War

view, dull and showery—rather a set back after Tuesday's brilliant effort—someackintoshes once again trimmed the landscape. Some cold storages had evidently been raided, for quite a few fur coats were to be seen too. Visibility was poor but Mrs. Edward Greenall, all in yellow, brightened up things considerably.

* * *

Lady Chesham, neater than the newest pin, was in black, and one couldn't miss the good effect Lady Curzon made in dark blue with a 'normous white fur collar. Captain Stanley Wilson was shepherding a houseful of guests from Tranby Croft, and I saw Captain Harry Brown, full of quips of course, going well with Lady Warrender.

Mrs. McCraith almost invariably wears brown, and when you have really lovely eyes to match this is a very good plan. It must be rather nice to occupy Newstead

Abbey, or at any rate part of it, but I should imagine the McCraiths must have a busy time dodging the rubber-necks who come to gaze on Byron's erstwhile home.

Mrs. Gerald Foljambe's very, very thin legs feature at many race meetings, particularly in the Midlands and the jumping season. She and her husband live at Buckminster, where the Belvoir frequently meet. Colonel Foljambe trains his own horses there, and has had great successes during the last year or two.

Talking of trainers—but in quite a different direction—I wonder if it is true that a very well-known one is likely to have a reverse when the time comes for his licence to be renewed.

Flew over to Le Touquet just to see what week-end doings there were like. Quantities of agreeable people kept

appearing. Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall were at the Westminster with their daughter, Patricia. She isn't at all "out" yet, but seems quite grown up all the same. Fair and attractive, she had no lack of escort and was constantly surrounded by admirers. Mr. Vivian Smith, who is such a power in the City and a wonderful friend to promising young men, was having a short holiday with his daughter, "Joycie," as companion. I almost forgot her husband, Mr. Gerald Verney, who was also there.



AT OBAN: LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART

Usually it rains at Oban when there is any particular reason why it should not, but this picture of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute's son at the Argyll Gathering was taken in a lucid moment. In the hunting season the Marchioness of Bute is a familiar figure in the Shires



THE HON. MARY ELPHINSTONE *Hay Wrightson*

A recent portrait of the eldest of Lord and Lady Elphinstone's three daughters. Lady Elphinstone is a sister of the Duchess of York and married Lord Elphinstone in 1910

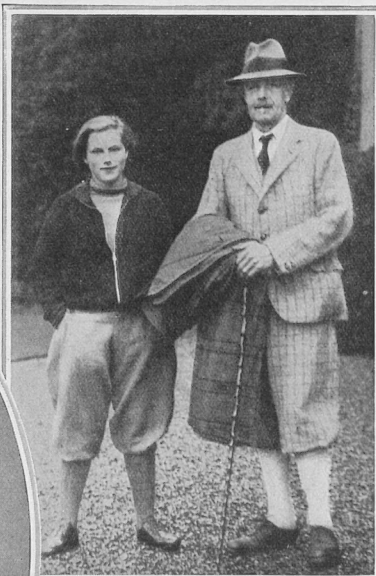
Mrs. Vernon Tate is always a joy to behold; she is a glorious creature and has a villa and a daughter at Le Touquet. Another resident is Mrs. Hewitt, whose house is opposite Lord Dudley's, and the Ralph Lambtons come for air and recreation from Paris, where he has big banking interests.

I saw Mrs. Simon Brand, too; her clever daughter, Mala, has just arrived from America, where she had a tremendously busy two months seeing and hearing everything worth while in New York. This, of course, included Mayor Jimmy Walker, of whom enough has been said, but Miss Brand thinks no words are equal to his wonderful choice of

clothes. Both colour and material defy adequate description. As he is shortly coming to London we shall see for ourselves.

* * *

Hard by Le Touquet is its rival, Hardelet. Golfers have it all their own way there, as the excellent new hotel



ARTHUR QUEN
IN MULL: LORD MASSEREENE AND LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE

A picture at Knock House, the Isle of Mull, where Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard have a deer-stalking party. Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is a daughter of Lord Rosslyn

has been dedicated to them and as to the course, well, it was architected by Simpson, so you can imagine it is pretty good. Various important people have lately sampled it, but I won't tell you what their form was.

Lord Furness (whose best game is poker), Lord Cowdray, Major "Buns" Cartwright (a cricketer of no mean kind), and Lady Dudley have been doing an odd round or two. The turf of the course being swept by the sea is naturally excellent, and the air ditto. Denizens of Le Touquet sneak over there when things get a bit too thick on the home-from-home ground. I caught sight of Lady Smiley playing with Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock, and Mr. Hubert Pilkington, had pressed three friends into a four-ball fray.

No one who hasn't the clearest conscience should attempt to play at Hardelet, for the rather sinister wire fencing which entirely surrounds this new links is accessible only by a straight and very narrow door. A feeling of incarceration, or alternatively of being a zoological exhibit, might occur to the almost out-of-borders.

* * *

I saw Lord and Lady Airlie lunching at the International Sportsmen's Club the other day. They are just back from Italy, having responded to the stern call of duty, i.e. an urgent whip from the House of Lords. Swift transit was essential, so they entered a local passenger plane and started hopefully homewards. All did not go at all well. First one engine konked, then the other gave up trying too, and there seemed nothing for it but a sudden descent on a very rough Gulf of Spezia. As most of the Italian Fleet had got there first, this was not at all a pleasant prospect. However, in the end the pilot managed to make a good landing.

* * *

Bath. At Bath. In bath. Just out of Bath—how shall I start to tell you how wet I've been at the Horse Show here? So writes my correspondent who went to see the very

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

superior exhibits and exhibitors at this important western gathering. Reinforced mackintoshes and boots to the arm-pits were the only means of surmounting the mire. And when the sun came out, what a stew we were in! However, there were lots of interesting things to take our mind off any such discomforts.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

His first appearance in public since his operation for appendicitis from which H.R.H. is making a first-rate recovery. The Duke went to Harewood House on a visit to H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and the Earl of Harewood, and then on to Balmoral to join the King and Queen

the sun came out, what a stew we were in! However, there were lots of interesting things to take our mind off any such discomforts.

Par example, Mrs. Geoff. Phipps-Hornby, who is, of course, one of the foremost Blackmore Valeites, looked very well in neat blue habit and béret. She rides beautifully, and quietly acquired several rosettes during the meeting. Mrs. Vaughan, who judged wisely and well at Olympia, had the greatest possible success with her lovely chestnut horse, Heccland, ultimately Championship winner.

The children were enchanting. Little Ann Capel was one of the best. Her mother, Lady Westmorland, wasn't there to see her ride, as she and "Burgie" were at Biarritz in Lord Ednam's party for the Prince.

Looking on was done by all the important people from around and beyond. Lady Dorchester came with Lady de Blaguière, her mother; Colonel "Dossy" Brinton was very busy being secretary. This was his first year at the job, the show having previously been run by Colonel Davey and his sister, Lady Gatacre. Anyone who was in Cologne after the Armistice will remember her as the able Commandant of Miss Decima Moore's Leave Club.

Mrs. "Tiddly" Lucas was neat and trim in brown tweed, and her husband was doubtless keeping that eagle

eye open for those extra good horses he always seems to find.

In the arena, Lady Wright jumped higher than anyone—defeating all comers. I'm told that at one show during the summer her plans went wrong owing to an organized chorus at the ringside saying "Hup" at random. So well-trained are her horses that they sprang high in the air at the sound whether there was an obstacle or not.

Lord Methuen was still being congratulated on his eighty-sixth birthday, for which he and Lady Methuen gave a tremendous what ho-ing at Corsham Court earlier in the week. One of his chief guests was General Leir-Carleton, who was ninety not long ago. "Hulloa, young fellow," was their mutual greeting.

Had Napoleon lived to-day there would have been more justification for his famous pronouncement that we were a nation of shopkeepers. It really is amazing what numbers of people have taken up this indoor sport during the last few years. And with such optimism too.

Miss Gabriel Jackson and Miss Elizabeth Luddington are two of the latest recruits, having launched out as dressmakers. They do all the stitchery themselves, and when the demand exceeds the supply, as often happens, they don't get hot and bothered, but just pull down the yellow blinds and go away for a long week-end.

One or two unfortunate incidents have occurred. For instance, before the partners had learnt the code of measurements by heart a startled cry of "Great Scott!" burst from one of

them when her colleague, busy with tape measure and a prominent customer, said firmly, "Hips, 58."

Miss Luddington has a very palatial home near Saffron Walden, Waltons Park, which enjoys the distinction of being in three counties. It also possesses a genuine ghost and a sunken bath in the best bedroom. Cambridge undergraduates swarm there on Sundays and, Mrs. Luddington being a particularly good hostess, always enjoy themselves very much.

Last week I described to you the Russian restaurant which enchanted me so much. This week I went to the other extreme in eating-houses—a Chinese one.

No pomp and circumstance there, my dear. You descend via a narrow staircase into what, at first sight, appears to be the area, so well filled is it with dust-bins; slightly bewildered you at last find yourself in a small room papered in the early Rectory bath-room style. It is full of inscrutable Orientals and tangle-haired blacks, but they take no notice, being far too engrossed in eating operations.

A glance at the Chinese menu is not illuminating, therefore one orders at random, and presently four courses arrive all served at once. What they consist of it is impossible to discover, but the general effect is not unpleasant. Chopsticks don't seem to be compulsory.

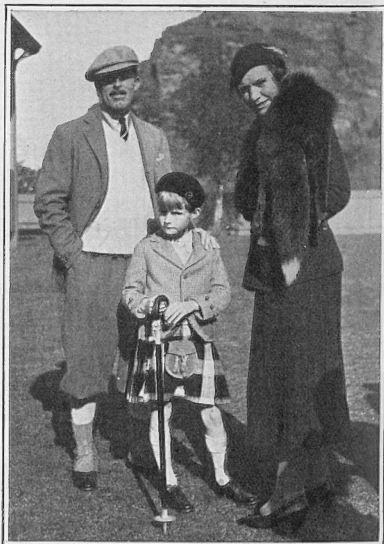
After this repast, as a compromise between the known and unknown, there is green tea poured from a great inexhaustible urn and having a strange odour of seaweed. The place can't possibly pay, unless the food is —, but perish the thought. Anyway I've dined in genuine China for fifteen pence.

Grandmama is really too skittish for words these days. Just now she's staying at San Sebastian and her rather cryptic letter is full of Cagancho's latest bull fight, which, revolution or no, everyone in Spanish society attended. One little brown admirer was, however, a notable absentee. My gay grandparent also went to the Royal Aero Club's gala at La Perla. A very animated function I gather; even the most formal seemed to be enjoying it and Sir George Grahame, our Ambassador in Madrid, was covered in glistening confetti which had been playfully thrown at him by Señorita Julia de Heredia with both hands and a lot of shrieks.

At another party the great sensation of the evening was provided by a Republican lady with diplomatic connections. Having failed in her endeavour to dance with an unknown

Adonis she smacked his face so hard that his nose bled, then, after announcing that she thought the party too dull for words, got into her car and drove off to Bordeaux — some two hundred miles away — alone and at three a.m.

Well, now we know the worst about this balancing business. I'm forming an Anti-Carping League, and its motto is, "Loyalty, Fraternity, and Hilarity." Will you join us?—Love. EVE.



AT THE ARGYLL GATHERING: CAPTAIN AND MRS. PELHAM-COCHRANE AND THEIR SON GEORGE

The Argyll Highland Gathering at Oban last week was as popular a rallying place as ever with the clans and any of their friends who happened to be in the vicinity. Oban usually contrives to be enveloped in Scotch mist and rain, but the weather for once behaved moderately well

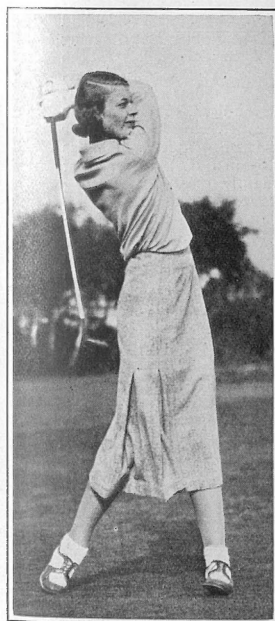
WHO'S WHO AT LE TOUQUET



MISS ANNE JEPHSON AND LADY COWDRAY



MRS. NEWELL AND LADY DORIS GUNSTON



THE HON. DIANA RUSSELL
PLAYS COMPETITIVE GOLF



A FRIENDLY FOURSOME: GENERAL CAVENDISH, LORD
COWDRAY, MR. PERCY QUILLER AND MAJOR AYLMER



LOOKING ON: MRS. RALPH
LAMBTON ON THE LINKS

Le Touquet, where so many people are suited to a tee, has been having grand weather lately, consequently there were heavy entries for the various golf contests. Last week interest centred round the Ladies' Challenge Cup. Among the competitors were Lord Dufferin's cousin, Lady Doris Gunston, and the Hon. Diana Russell, who is Lord de Clifford's sister. Her mother, Mrs. Vernon Tate, has a villa at Le Touquet this year. Lady Cowdray has been out there some time, but Lord Cowdray is a fairly recent arrival. Mrs. Ralph Lambton lives in Paris, where her husband is head of one of the big banks

The Cinema : Noble Nonsense

By JAMES AGATE

ONE of the two remarkable things about last week's performance at the Regal Theatre was the extreme perfection of the voice-reproduction. Nobody seemed to be speaking above the ordinary conversational tone, with the result that it was all more real even than the legitimate theatre. This is the screen's answer to those who only a year ago proclaimed their nonsensicality by talking about the bellowing of sea lions, and so forth. The second remarkable thing was the fact that we listened in all sober seriousness to the unfolding of a story which if it had taken place in a theatre instead of on the screen would have been recognized in all its naked imbecility. The picture was called *The Shadow Between*. The author was Mr. Dion Titheradge, who wrote this screen play specially for British International Pictures. This was the plot, which I shall try to tell without any stressing of absurdity. Readers will note that the cast was composed of British players so illustrious that no theatre manager with a syndicate to please could afford to lay out so much money in flesh and blood.

Margaret (Miss Kathleen O'Regan) was married to spendthrift Philip (Mr. Haddon Mason), who ran through all his money and was advised by his solicitor (Mr. Robert Horton, whose name was not in the programme though it ought to have been) that there wouldn't be any more. So he went into the next room and shot himself, whereupon Margaret retired to the family vicarage viciously presided over by the Rev. Simon Maddox (Mr. Hubert Harben giving a delicious study of the bored vulture as distinct from his famous boiled owl). Mrs. Maddox (Miss Mary Jerrold) was however a mitigating influence, for this much-esteemed actress turned on that melting-tap of honey, saccharine, and molasses for which she is so justly famous. In retirement, and not caring very much about acting as amanuensis for her narrow-minded father, Margaret met Paul Haddon (Mr. Godfrey Tearle), who endeared Margaret to him by rescuing a rabbit out of a trap and addressing it in tones of compassion which on the real stage many a King Arthur would be glad to use for Guinevere. Having released the rabbit, Paul, who was by way of being a millionaire, invited Margaret to come and live with him, which he explained by a compulsional neurosis in favour of doing acts of kindness towards the feeble. This six-foot of nobility with the organ-voice just couldn't help it; he was built that way. "Are you proposing marriage?" said Margaret. Paul said, "Not exactly!" "But wouldn't you want . . . ?" asked Margaret, hesitating to put the awful suggestion into words. Paul smiled handsomely if a trifle wryly. "My house," he said magnanimously, "is big enough to hold two people desiring to live two separate lives." So Margaret went off to London, dined at Paul's palace, and after dinner performed to him, or at him, on the piano while he played patience. Shortly after eleven she rose and said, "I think I will go to . . ." stopped and corrected herself to: "I think I will go upstairs." Whereupon Paul opened the door for her, shook hands, and Margaret ascended the marble staircase chastely, nor cast a longing, lingering look behind. About this time it appeared that Paul's partner in business (Mr. Henry Caine) was a crook. But the firm boasted a third partner, Paul's father (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw) who, it appeared, was a still bigger crook. It appeared also—appearances count for a lot in films—that the partner, Wincher, had a mistress in Paris, one Nell Baker (Miss Olga Lindo) whom, one gathered, he excessively disliked. In any case, when the crash came, Wincher could not

bear poverty with Nell, and so threw himself under a taxi-cab. And as Haddon Senior had also retired to Paris, the whole brunt of the firm's disgraceful failure fell upon poor Paul who, noble fellow, did not possess enough gumption to know that the business in which he was a partner was wholly fraudulent. They arrested Paul in the middle of a party, giving him ten minutes to explain matters to Margaret. Did Paul spend these ten minutes explaining to Margaret how much of the cash lying about the house, the furniture, and the jewels were legitimately hers, and how she was to get over the next few weeks? No. He devoted the time to lengthy expostulation as to the shadow cast by prison bars, and how even when he was restored to the world they could never again come together, although to the casual observer they had not previously achieved much in that line. It was not going to be good for Margaret's soul that it should be contaminated by contact with a man who had been in prison even for a crime for which he was only technically guilty. After which he marched cheerfully off to do his four years.

Then Margaret had a bright idea. How would it be if she got arrested, too, and became a gaol-bird, after which there would presumably be as much shadow between her and him as Paul alleged there was going to be between him and her? But it was not so easy to put into practice this *tu quoque*, sublime in the best Coventry Patmore manner. Instead Margaret went off to be a waitress in a café at which, curiously enough, Nell Baker was employed. Now Nell, when she was not gold-digging on the grand scale, had a side-line in pocket-picking and, being detected, thrust the bundle of notes into Margaret's dolman, Spencer, hug-me-tight, or other mode or robe, whereby the poor wretch, shedding Miss O'Regan's best tears, went radiantly off to gaol, being liberated exactly one day before Paul. In the meantime Nell had turned burglar and had proposed to Pug Wilson (Mr. Arthur Chesney) that he shall break into Lady Culprit's mansion where she was employed as maid. Her lady-

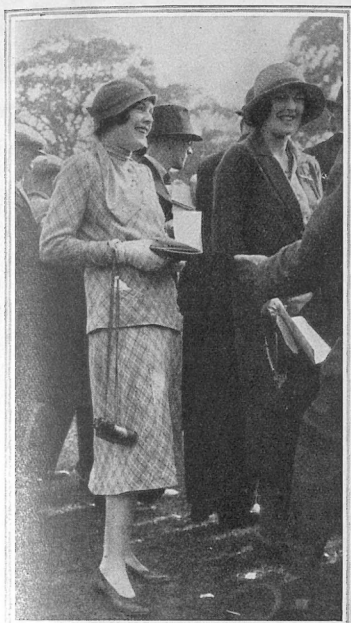
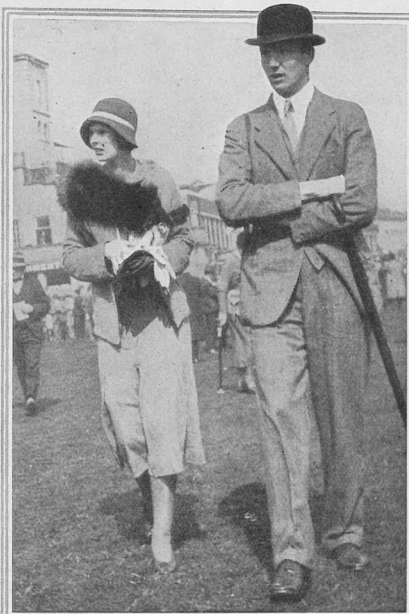
ship was going to the opera that night; Nell would let in Pug, who would open the safe and abstract Lady Culprit's every-day jewellery, the tiaras and the Culprit pearls having gone to Covent Garden. But the ordinary stuff was better than nothing. Margaret cheeked this by spiritually reforming Pug under a lamp-post outside Lady Culprit's at midnight. Whereupon Nell did the burglary herself, presumably opening the safe with a hairpin, and brought the booty to Margaret to take care of five minutes before the arrival of (a) the detective in charge of the burglary and (b) Paul. But now Margaret told Nell how gladly she had gone to prison for Paul's sake, whereupon Nell said that she had had no notion that this sort of love existed, that a couple of years' incarceration was a mere trifle to an old-stager like herself, and that she and not Margaret would go to the station on the detective's arm. This, of course, brought to an end one of the grandest exhibitions of false sentiment it has been my pleasure to behold. In the theatre, of course, such tosh would be laughed off the stage. At the Regal we all went through the motions of drying our eyes. The names I have given, to which I would add those of Mesdames Irene Rooke and Ann Casson and Messrs. Henry Wenman and Morton Selten, show how well this film was acted. In fact I regard it as a perfect film entertainment except that it was taken a trifle too slowly. Despite the false sentiment one felt oneself to be in the presence of human beings, and I attribute this to the welcome absence of any of Hollywood's glamorous glutinous stars.



IN THE "BUNDLE" FILMS: GEORGE ROBEY (BINDLE) AND SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER (MRS. BUNDLE)

This is "The Temperance Fête" incident of the "Adventures of Bindle" series, which of course are founded on Herbert Jenkins' Bindle Books. George Robey is a great Bindle, and if a better Mrs. Bindle can be found we have yet to hear of her

ON LEGER DAY

LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM AND (right)
LADY DONATIA GETHING

LORD AND LADY STAVORDALE

SIR H. AND LADY DELVES BROUGHTON AND
SIR JOHN BUCHANAN-JARDINELADY STANLEY AND HER SON, THE
HON. EDWARD STANLEYA TIP?: LADY GEORGE DUNDAS (left) AND
LADY FITZWILLIAMLADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE
IN THE PADDOCK

If it had been a day in the hunting season it would have been almost any odds on there being a scent, for the air was cold, the ground fairly warm and by no means dry, and the light spot of rain would have made it just about right. The course was slow as the time for the Leger displays—the worst since Book Law's year—but it was fast enough to sew some of them up. Everyone was delighted to see Lord Rosebery's good colt, Sandwich win it, especially after the rough passage he had had at Epsom in the Derby, and equally, of course, we were all full of sympathy for Mr. Dewar. Cameronian's form was too inexpressibly bad to be true, and the thermometer told us the reason. He had a temperature of 103 deg. Terrible bad luck, for it took a lot of the ginger out of the contest. Of those in these pictures of people trying not to look cold, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lady Donatia Gething are two of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's pretty daughters. Lord and Lady Stavordale have not been married a year, and he is Lord and Lady Gething's son, and well known in the hunting world of the West. Sir H. Delves Broughton and Lady Delves Broughton are with someone who is also very well known in the racing world, and in other spheres—Master of the Dumfries. Lady Stanley is with her eldest son. Lady George Dundas, wife of the well-known Newmarket trainer, may have been saying something about Sandwich, and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe is in a Persian lamb coat



PRINCE ALI KHAN

The Aga's enthusiastic young son opened his account at the recent Lewes meeting when he won on his own Lights o' London. He has been well grounded by Mike Beary and he is dead keen. He is extending his activities as an owner, and let us hope will ride many more winners next season

ON Monday all roads led to Doncaster, and while on this subject I should like to tender my apologies to the owner of a moor near Newtownmore, a covey of whose grouse I ran into on a sharp corner as they were picking up grit on the road. I should also like to tender my thanks for last night's excellent dinner.

Probably the interest in this year's St. Leger was greater than for some years, owing to the outstanding chance of Cameronian winning the triple crown, and the town was full to overflowing. To make the *amende honorable*, the traffic seemed to be far better controlled than last year and the police out to help, though a writer in one of the best known daily papers will not have it.

The sales, despite the slump, had as good an attendance as ever, and anything worth buying seemed to make quite its value. At the same time, some studs who went in for nothing but the highest-priced nominations must have suffered big losses, though they may get them back next year if the sacrificed yearlings of this year make good two-year-olds next year. Were it not so bitterly cold the sale paddocks are an interesting study of mankind as well as of horses. Feeling that everyone may be a potential buyer, some breeders are civility to the verge of servility to all and sundry until after their sale, when an

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

aloofness suddenly comes over them. Again, it is as good as a play to watch the comedy of a breeder showing a grossly misshapen yearling to the trainer who sold him the mare. If there is any justice in this world he ought to bid for the yearling, but while he can say nothing too good about him it is obvious that judgment is more likely to prevail than justice. Badinage beneath the rostrum is not well received, as it distracts the attention of the lip-readers.

The selling races at Doncaster, always hot, this year eclipsed themselves, and the fields were not far inferior to the Portland Plate. Frank Hartigan won both sprints with Suspicion and Canfield. The latter old warrior has been a gold mine this season, and can't have given the Baron a moment's uneasiness, besides costing nothing to buy in. Strongbow registered somewhere about Victor Gilpin's thirtieth second this season in this race.

Of the big race what can one say or think? Cameronian in the paddock stood out alone. The Manton quartette a plain lot, Sandwich nothing out of the ordinary, Goyescas rather leggy and shelly, Salaam a great over-grown angular filly, and Khorsheed rather common. Playing up at the post more than is his wont, the favourite jumped off pulling for the first half-mile like a mad horse, after which he took no further part in the race and finished tailed off. Had he been beaten but in the first three or four, one could have said he had been over-rated, but he was out of the race at a mile. After the race he is said to have had a high temperature, and probably it is one of those things that will never be satisfactorily explained. The whole thing is too melodramatic and reminiscent of Drury Lane, and yet—. The winner won in the end with the greatest ease, thus possibly showing how unlucky he was in the Derby. Great credit must be given to Sir Andrew, who made the whole of the running, and was at one time nearly ten lengths in front. Khorsheed ran well but lacked speed.

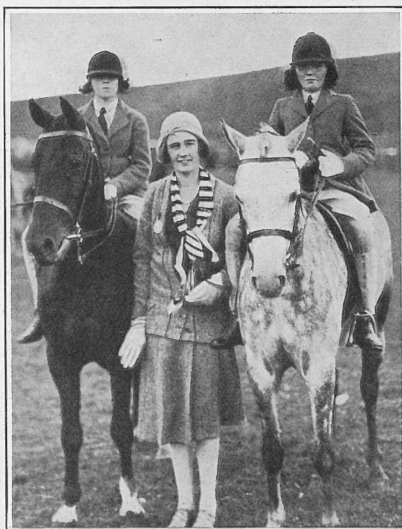
The Champagne Stakes was a walk over for the Golden Hair colt, and it was a treat to see the machine-like way this horse galloped when his head was eased in the last furlong. He is not the most taking of horses, and his breeder, a stickler for the straight hind-leg, declared him to be one of the worst

he'd bred before he went up at last year's sales. His Lordship has a beautiful lot of yearlings again this year, and too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Smethwick for the admirable way in which they are got up. At the moment of writing they have not yet been sold, but the colt by Solario out of Quarterdeck should make a high price, and a name commensurate with it next year.

The Rufford Abbey Handicap often gives a pointer for the Cesarewitch, and there was a great deal of talk about Notice Board from Manton winning the two. As he did not show in the first eleven his Cesarewitch chance does not appear very bright. Blue Vision having won it with ease by five lengths, makes Noble Star appear almost in the light of a good thing for the Cesarewitch being a stone and five lengths better than Blue Vision at Goodwood.

There is no truth whatever in the rumour that one of our leading jockeys has been offered a retainer, a loin cloth, and police protection to rule India, while the gentleman for whom he is substituting is to make curry on commission at the Dorchester.

Everyone was pleased to hear that H.H. The Aga Khan is sending his yearlings this year to Frank Butters at Newmarket. With a small string of moderate horses he has confirmed the brilliance of his term at Stanley House, and His Highness is to be congratulated on his choice.



LADY DIGBY AND HER DAUGHTERS AT DORCHESTER SHOW

The Hon. Sheila and the Hon. Pamela are the two elder of Lord and Lady Digby's daughters, the youngest one only having arrived in 1928, not yet Pony Age. Both of the ponies won at the Dorchester Show, and were probably bred by Lord Digby. He is an ex-Joint Master of the Cattistock, and Lady Digby is a sister of Lady Rosebery

SCOTLAND AND DONCASTER



SPORTING SISTERS: MISS EVELYN COATS AND MISS IRENE COATS TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO POLO



AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. ALEC BOWHILL, MR. LEONARD COHEN, K.C., MRS. COHEN, MISS RUMBOLD, AND MISS ZARA DEUCHAR



ON DONCASTER'S OPENING DAY: SIR EDWARD AND LADY HANMER AND MRS. ROBINSON (centre)



LORD ROSEBERY (OWNER OF SANDWICH) WITH LADY ROSEBERY AND LORD DALMENY AT DONCASTER ON TUESDAY

North Berwick, where the two top pictures on this page come from, would hardly suggest polo to most people, but Mr. P. H. Coats' enterprising daughters find it quite a good place for practice purposes. Riding in point-to-points is another favourite activity of theirs. Mrs. Alec Bowhill is a cousin of Mr. Basil Ionides, the artist, and Mrs. Cohen is a daughter of the late Sir Isidore Spielmann. Doncaster opened in glorious weather and, contrary to earlier expectations, the going was first-rate. Lord Rosebery made no secret of his firm belief that Sandwich would win the Leger, and many friends of this very popular owner profited by his colt's brilliant success. Maybe further good fortune will come his way in next year's Derby by means of his Gimcrack winner, Miracle. Sir Edward Hanmer, who is a strong supporter of racing, owns a lot of land in Shropshire

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

The Story of the Beautiful Gunnings.

MOST people find their relations either a blessing or a handicap. There seems no half-way house in that relationship which is near enough to be hyper-critical, but not near enough completely to understand. Poor Miss Elizabeth Gunning, the younger of the two historical beauties, found hers a decided handicap. Her mother was one of those emotional, flamboyant, careless creatures who imagine that if they over-spend their income by fifty pounds instead of one hundred they are drastically economizing; her sister, Maria, one of those girls who believe that a possible husband can only be caught by a bombardment of her attractions. She did not realize, as Elizabeth unconsciously realized, that the way to win a man is to keep withdrawing gracefully, but never completely out of sight. Which was the reason why she married James, Duke of Hamilton, who was an extraordinarily difficult fish to land, because he knew too much of women but not enough of the right sort. And E. Barrington, once again diving into history for the plot of her always enchanting books, has brought back this time the extraordinary story of those historical beauties, Elizabeth and Maria Gunning, in a wholly delightful story, "The Irish Beauties" (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). And what an excellent plot it makes, as a real life story always does if it be retold in the right way! First of all you have the account of the sordid life led by Mrs. Gunning and her two exquisitely lovely daughters when they were living with the rest of the family—minus, of course, Mr. Gunning, who was busy gambling and drinking away his patrimony—in obscure Dublin lodgings. Then the sudden appearance of Mrs. Bellamy, a famous actress of the period, who placed the lovely feet of the Misses Gunning on the first step towards fortune. Afterwards the migration to London, when Maria Gunning and her mother lost their heads completely in their eagerness to find a rich husband, thereby causing the gravest scandals to surround them which very nearly broke up the romantic love affair of the Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth, whose subsequent marriage was one of the strangest ceremonies in social history. It is a very interesting, a very human story. It comes marvelously to life again in the hands of Miss Barrington, who re-tells it enchantingly and perfectly in the "period." I shall be surprised if this book is not one of the big successes of the early autumn season.

Thoughts from "The Irish Beauties."

"What is truth, and what is fiction? For my part I think the one as true as the other, and both illusion. There are no stories so true as those which dreams tell us, and life itself is a dream."

"The mob, as their betters call them, are perhaps quicker to distinguish merit than those betters."

"Vulgarity, when it ceases to be ridiculous, is as dull as ditch-water."

"Nothing is fiercer than our indignation with others for our slips in judging them."

Another Notable Book.

Mrs. Lettice Cooper is no "exhibitionist" writer of novels, but she can get nearer to reality and to providing

an engrossing story than most of those who write deliberately for effect and whose photographs persecute us in illustrated newspapers through life. Her latest, "Private Enterprise" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), is the best she has written so far, and if it is not a popular success, as it should be, it will be simply because she has taken a handful of decent middle-class people, made them remarkably human and real, and avoided that clap-trap, semi-pathological "tosh" which is supposed to give suburbia something to talk about other than its own concerns. With great simplicity and wonderful naturalness she can achieve that rare literary triumph—which is the drawing of ordinary

people doing ordinary, everyday things; their lives agitated by nothing likely to make a startling head-line in a newspaper, but, nevertheless, fraught with that happiness, the sorrow, hope, and disappointment which belong to the average life, the kind of life which average people lead. She can do all these things and make them completely convincing. There is not a character in "Private Enterprise" who does not act and talk exactly as we realize such people would act under like circumstances, and do talk. There is no effort at smartness. There is no display. But the effect is the effect of being able actually to see into the mind and to watch the life of a set of very human characters; the kind of people we all know; the kind of people we all believe in. The main theme of the story concerns a kindly business man's struggle to keep the individual flag of his own long-standing firm flying in face of the overwhelming rivalry of the multiple trader, the modern gorgon who devours independent private enterprises. But, although this theme holds the story together, it is not only that which holds our interest. Our interest is held by the characters who belong to the tale. The eldest son who, having been through the War, cannot settle down; something of youth's energy is "dead" within him; something in his "soul" is disillusioned and tired. The young man's father who works, not only for himself and his family, but for his employees—so that they, too, may keep their little homes together. His wife, the kindly, motherly, middle-class matron who does her woman's job and can imagine, for herself, no other. Their daughters, their son at Oxford, their friends—one and all are people whom we know well, people we can understand—understand their problems, their goodness, their badness, their strength, and their weakness. The novel is, indeed, one of the best studies of provincial middle-class family life—as it is adjusting itself to modern conditions and losing thereby so many of its things which made it great—that I have read for years.

Thoughts from "Private Enterprise."

"Articles are nearly always rot. Some evil spirit gets into quite nice sensible people when they write articles."

"There are few people matter to you more than the people you've worked with."

"The new generation will never have been shut out from things. It will always be used to knowing things, and knowing things is the beginning of dealing with them. Anon, perhaps, we shall have a real democracy—everything decided by ordinary people."

"You can't be hard on human nature—it's got too much to put up with."

(Continued on p. 482)



MR. H. G. WELLS

By Avtori

A wonderful impression of the great littérateur who, though born in 1866, is one of those whom the flight of time touches but lightly. H. G. Wells, who is the son of a professional cricketer, but himself has never shown the least aptitude for that game, had his first book published in 1895. Adequately to catalogue what has happened since would demand a whole issue of this paper—and then some!

THE POACHER

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"One of they rabbits wuz gorn out of the wire last night. 'Ah,' I sez, 'I reckon "Mr. Reynolds" 'ave 'ad 'e,' and sure 'nough I seed the old dog fox goin' across the meadow"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Light Entertainment.

Comes a tide in the affairs of popular writers when they "throw" a book rather than write one. Just as some people "throw" a party and hit, by their invitation to it, all those who ought to be invited, but are only endurable in the lump, so to speak. Some authors, however, can manage to "throw" a book while disguising the fact that they are not in the least interested in writing it. Some can't very well. I don't believe, for example, that Mr. Cecil Roberts can, who in his latest novel, "Bargain Basement" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), seems to have got right out of his mental outlook into those realms wherein novelettes are written and film-fans hold each other's hand in ecstasy. In fact, I had to keep looking back to see if it were really written by the same Mr. Roberts who gave us that brilliant autobiography, "Half Way," and those excellent thrillers, "Havana Bound" and "Sagunto." Still, lots of readers will simply love it. The fact will appeal to them that a young and beautiful lady of title could work in a big Oxford Street store, live with three shop-girls in those rooms, guarded by one of those motherly land-ladies (nicely comic characters) which we only discover in our dreams, without her identity being discovered for ages. They will like the charming fantasy of this same beautiful girl falling in love with a shop-man in the bargain basement department, who, of course, turns out later on to be anything but "basement," and when Lord Henry Carlmere steps into the lift shaft at the end, after having made him his heir (thanks to the fact that the boy's mother is his, Lord Henry's, lost love), an excellent bargain also. They will be sorry, perhaps, suddenly to leave Lady Betty and her romance, and to concentrate for rather a long time upon her mother, Lady Tranmore, and her adventure in a train with a handsome gigolo who, most disappointingly, turns out to be quite a nice man and never stole her jewels after all.

Nevertheless, it is quite a good interlude. So also is the attempted seduction of one of Lady Betty's charming shop-girl friends, though this again comes to a most moral termination. Nor will they think it anything less than delightful when wealthy Albert Marling, of Marling's Stores, the employer of Lady Betty, married her mother, thus consolidating his own social ambitions and the Tranmore fortunes at the same time. Indeed, they won't bother themselves over the fact that with a dance or two and a tune or two the story would make a good foundation for a musical comedy, or one of those film stories at which tired professional girls sit wrapt in impossible dreams. In fact, they won't bother themselves at all. They'll just forget what real characters and real life are like, sit back and enjoy the "show."

Thoughts from "Bargain Basement."

"In matters of love it may be well, as the poet assures us, to have had it and lost it, but in matters of money no change can be more disastrous."

"There is no human being insusceptible to flattery, it is only the nature of it that differs."

"The only truly rich man is the one who has learned to live on the fewest necessities."

Another Wonderful "Omnibus."

Probably these same readers would, on the other hand, be quite bored if they were forced to read Elmer Rich's brilliantly humorous satire, "Voyage to Purilia." It would be for them like blowing up a bit of Paradise—that is, if they were even once cognizant of the explosion, having, by reason of their mentality, possibly missed the whole point of the story. I thought of this after having read Elmer Rich's delicious satire for the second time, because it is included in another wonderful "omnibus" book recently published by Gollancz, Ltd., "The Holiday Omnibus." (7s. 6d.). Other "passengers" include M. P. Shiel's splendid novel, "The Purple Cloud," and Emile Gaboriau's thriller, "The Mystery of Orival." Also there are four excellent long-short stories: "The Trial of Seddon," taken from "The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall"; "The Turkish Escape," from "Bengal Lancer," by Francis Yeats-Brown; Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and a

whole volume of poems by Humbert Wolfe among others. "Simply marvellous value" is the only criticism I can pass on this publication—and "marvellous," for once in a while, is the right word. And the identical adjective applies to the same publisher's "Famous Plays of 1931." (7s. 6d.) This includes, besides "The Barretts," "The Improper Duchess," "To See Ourselves," "After All," "London Wall," "Autumn Crocus." In fact, the dramatic pick of the year. And one or two of these plays reads almost better than they act. The wit of "The Improper Duchess" is even more striking, for example; so is the humanity of "London Wall" and "After All" and the sentimental charm of "Autumn Crocus."

A Discussion.

"Dreamers and Doers" (Noel Douglas, 3s. 6d.), by O. P. Hamilton, is written in a semi-dramatic form, but in reality it is a long and somewhat indeterminate discussion

between two brothers—one a soldier and a man of action, the other a dreamer and a man of thought. At the end it seems as if each were content to fulfil life's urge in his own way, believing that in separate directions both were helping to achieve an ultimate beatitude—a beatitude of Christian scientific attributes in which the word "love" covers and explains everything, builds up that which is worthy, and destroys that which is false. But it is rather one of those little books in which one feels that the author has unburdened himself of years of suffering and contemplation which may, or may not, help us both in our suffering and in our contemplation, but leaves life and the kind of poor weapons with which we have to fight it the same inexplicable conundrum it always is.

Thoughts from "Dreamers and Doers."

"However much one may try, one cannot escape the fact that love rules the world, using the dreamer in art and the man of action in noble deeds."

"As the material world darkens, the spiritual brightens. Soul unfolds by suffering alone."

"Though many mothers err, are they not the one spiritual link between this world and the next?"



"Get up, Ronald! You never see auntie doing that"

"A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH"



MISS GILLIAN LIND (AMANDA)
AND MISS FRANCES CARSON
(BERINTHIA)



LORD FOPPINGTON (MR. ERNEST THESIGER)



MISS GILLIAN LIND, MR. ERNEST THESIGER, MR. ROBERT DONATZ (LOVELESS),
AND MISS FRANCES CARSON

Stage Photo Co.

At long last the piracy of Vanbrugh's play is being given full publicity, for Sir Barry Jackson, who produced this play first at the Malvern Festival and brought it to the St. James's in London last Monday, lets the world know that it is by Vanbrugh and Sheridan. Sir John Vanbrugh died in 1726; Sheridan was born in 1751 and died in 1816. Sheridan appropriated Vanbrugh's play, cut out a great deal of the improprieties, changed the title, and launched it as his own. The play made a definite appeal at the recent Malvern Festival, and bids fair to repeat the process here. Mr. Ernest Thesiger takes honours as Lord Foppington, as do both the charming actresses, Miss Gillian Lind and Miss Frances Carson



A PICTURE TAKEN AT MUNICH AERODROME

Mr. Richard Weinger (left) entertained a party of guests who arrived from England by air at his country house, Gut Bannaker, near Augsburg. He is here seen seeing off some of the party at the aerodrome. In addition to Mr. Weinger are Mrs. Gordon Vereker, Mrs. Nigel Norman, the Hon. Leo Russell, and another. Mrs. Gordon Vereker is the wife of Mr. Gordon Vereker, now at the Foreign Office, formerly First Secretary at Budapest. Mrs. Nigel Norman is the wife of Mr. Nigel Norman, founder of the Heston Air Port

A Speed Reaction.

THE time is now, with miles per hour in the air in every sense and with our experiences, good and bad, tragic and triumphant, of the Schneider Trophy race still fresh in mind (not forgetting the appalling period of uncertainty when contradictory reports about the intentions of France and Italy were pouring in), to reconsider the whole subject of high-speed flying, and to try to decide upon the best course to follow in the future.

It seems probable that there will be no further contests of the magnitude of the Schneider Trophy race and that, after this year's event, Great Britain, for the time being at any rate, will take no active part in the unlimited air racing. Such dereliction of one of the most typical and finest activities of the age of machinery is a sign of national fatigue and national poverty. With plenty of energy and plenty of money to spare every country not dead in body and soul would continue to take active part in high-speed development. In a grossly material age it is a refreshing and heroic form of effort. In the national pharmacopœia a Schneider victory is a tonic without equal.

Record or Race.

Although a speed record is more spectacular on paper than a racing victory, for the distance to be flown is much less and the figures therefore much higher, yet the actual results are of less significance. A thoroughly unsafe, unhandy machine might last long enough to obtain a world's record over the three kilometres course; but it would never win a race of the Schneider Trophy type. Therefore the race is of more value to aeronautical development, and if racing is abandoned it will be logical to abandon attempts on world's records as well.

Lady Houston has acted with unexampled generosity in paying for the British preparations for the Schneider Trophy race, and also in offering a cup for another race to take its place in the future. Those who have stated that speed has gone far enough, and that there is no need to pursue it farther, should not be encouraged. It is for all who believe not only in flying, but also in the modern conception of existence, which flying so well typifies, to hold firmly and openly to

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

the opinion that high-speed development is worth while, that it has not yet reached finality, and that further efforts are desirable.

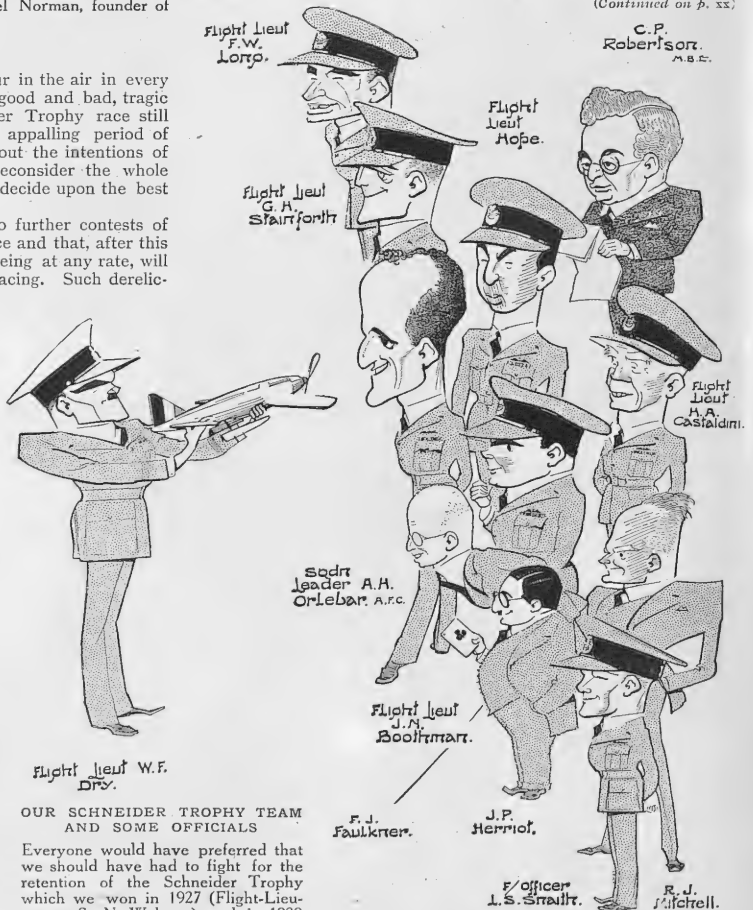
The tired and the tame must not be allowed to put about the pernicious view that all this expenditure and all this sacrifice are worthless. It is not true. But it can scarcely be hoped that Britain can go on with speed development at the present moment.

Piloting.

And now for a few words about the piloting of the high-speed seaplanes of the Vickers' Supermarine Rolls-Royce and Gloster-Napier types. The minimum speed at which these aircraft can keep in the air is high for the reason that every square foot of wing area is required to support something like 42 lb. weight as against the 7 to 10 lb. of a light aeroplane. In taking off, therefore, the aircraft must exceed 100 m.p.h. along the water before it will lift. When it lifts it is at a steep angle with the nose pointing upwards and the pilot's control still imperfect.

As the speed increases the machine flattens out; but I learn from my conversations with the pilots and designers

(Continued on p. 22)



OUR SCHNEIDER TROPHY TEAM AND SOME OFFICIALS

Everyone would have preferred that we should have had to fight for the retention of the Schneider Trophy which we won in 1927 (Flight-Lieutenant S. N. Webster) and in 1929 (Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waghorn), the latter with the record speed of 328.63 m.p.h. for this race, but neither Italy nor France found themselves able to compete unless we consented to a six months' postponement—which, of course, was not possible. On the three kilometres straight course in 1929 Squadron-Leader Orlebar achieved a speed of 357.7 m.p.h., and this year in a trial one of our S.6 machines has touched 400 m.p.h.

THE CAMERA PRESENTS

New Portraits of Pretty People



THE HON. EILEEN HOOD AND HER SEALYHAM

Hay Wrightson



Miss Compton Collier

LADY LEVER

Sir Tresham Lever's attractive wife was photographed at their Berkshire home, The Hill House, Sunningdale, which possesses a most responsive garden. Lady Lever, formerly Miss Frances Hamilton Goodwin, was the widow of Mr. Cecil Parker of Walton Hall, Lancashire, when she married Sir Tresham last year. Her husband, the second baronet, became a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1925 and is a director of Thornton Butterworth, the publishers. At the last General Election he stood as Conservative candidate for Hackney (South Division)

Lord Bridport is to be envied in having a sister as pretty and charming as the Hon. Eileen Hood, who achieves the distinction of being twenty-one this year. Her Sealyham is a fairly new acquisition and, like so many of his relations, finds being photographed rather entertaining. Lord Bridport, as becomes a direct descendant of Lord Nelson, is in the Senior Service

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

AND so sleepy, Très Chér! I have been doing owl taxi work several nights this week, and late hours combined with sea air (great gusts of it) make one feel amazingly muzzy round about the just-after-luncheon hour (which is also letter-writing hour) on the morning after the night before!



Mlle. EDITH MÉRA

One of the Parisian stage's youngest and most beautiful, who has won renown in both drama and comedy, likewise on the Flickers. She gave a wonderful imitation of Marlene Dietrich in a recent revue at the Nouveauté

The gales have been so vehement—quite a good word that though not exactly to the taste of the weather bureau—in this part of the world that the boat has not been crossing between the mainland and the island, and even the causeway has not been entirely uncovered by the sea at low tide. This means that twice this week I have been unable to get over and back "on" the same tide and was obliged, therefore, to make the return trip—having fetched or taken friends to Nantes—in the middle of the night. The "passage du Gois" is a wonderfully picturesque and somewhat thrilling business in rough weather, and even I, who have done it dozens of times, get my little kick out of it. Imagine a vast stretch of gleaming, sea-weedy sand over and through which a cobble-stoned causeway winds its rough four kilometres. At least it should be shining sand at low tide, but in this weather immense pools of wind-churned water still remain and at many places pour over the road so that unless you know every inch of the way it is rather difficult to see what is and what isn't solid underfoot or rather . . . under tyre! At 3 a.m. this morning I bummelled along to find several unhappy car owners wondering what-the-devil and most grateful for a pilot's services! But such is human nature—masculine usually—towards the she-male driver that they nearly all turn snooty afterwards, being vexed when they discovered, having followed my tail light like a lamb following its dam, that the road *looks* so much worse than it really is!

Since my last letter I have covered some fifteen hundred odd kilometres (as well as the night work) and have had a gorgeous time, despite the drenching weather. Nothing much to tell you about Bordeaux except that, of course, we (I'm and me) dined luxuriously at the Chapon Fin, and that the Hôtel Monré, with its wonderful old furniture in the public rooms and very modern conveniences in the bed and bath-rooms, is *the*

place to stop at. On leaving Bordeaux, *en route* for a little place called Malause (celebrated for its poplar plantations), we found a commercial travellers' pub (the only one in the place, so it doesn't matter my having forgotten the name) at Ste. Bazeille (on the Agen road), where the food was as marvellous as at Bordeaux, and a dam sight cheaper. We sat at the C.M.'s (commercial travellers') table, which is always interesting, and I took a lesson from one bright lad on how to poach the trout, which abound in that part of the world! Not, sez I, with virtue, that I ever would, *of course* . . . but this, because I hate killing, even trout, having become cranky in my old age and strictly vegetarian . . . except on motoring trips!

* * *

Well, to return to the luring of the poor fish. You take one ornery sewing needle, small size. You heat it red hot in the flame of one of those damnable sulphur matches supplied by the French *régie*, you then bend it with the help of a pen-knife blade and much cursing, into a V-shaped hook; you then heat it red-hot once more and, having spat generously into the palm of your horny hand, you temper it back to steel by dropping it into the spittle! You bait with anything handy (no pun intended) and you fill a market basket in less time than it takes to write the above. If you don't like the idea, *très chér*, then drat you for a Perfect Lady. Have you ever stayed at Villeneuve-sur-Lot? One of the prettiest little central-southern towns I have ever come across, with its perfectly Spanish Grande Place. I like its open air cafés, of which the two rival establishments boast: one, of a string band, the other of an open-air cinema! The shirt-sleeved audience (yes, it was a rare fine night) was most appreciative . . . so were we though not in shirt sleeves. Punctures and various small troubles beset me on this trip, so I can tell you of an excellent garage service to be noted at the Arlon garage, Saintes on the Perigueux-La Rochelle road. For the rest it is a one-donkey town.

* * *

At Perigueux, that home of ye unctuous *pâté de foie gras* and ye delicate truffe, I hurried like a homing pigeon (large size) to the Hôtel du Commerce et de la Poste, an A.A. pub: well known to British motorists, and lauded by G. B. Stern (and many others) in her book of the wine country, "Bouquet," unless I am greatly mistaken. The *livre d'or* of the

establishment boasts of many well-known signatures; ask to see it when you go there, as you surely will do sooner or later. But whether you make yourself known to mine host or not you will receive perfect attention. The bath-water will be hot and the food . . . well, words fail me, and I have made your mouth water enough, I hope, as it is in this letter.

Love, T.C.,
PRISCILLA.



DELYSIA AND HER HUSBAND

Otherwise M. and Madame Georges Denis, at Bidart, near Biarritz, where they have a very charming little house which they call "La Malika"



AT MONTE: THE GRAND DUCHESS ILYINSKI-DMITRI . . .

Barbu

SOUTHWARD HO!



AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER AVEC HOUND

Barbu



AT THE LIDO: LUCIEN LEONG AND SERGE LIFAR
POSE MOST EFFECTIVELY FOR THE CAMERA ON
THE LIDO SANDS



AT MONTE:
ROSITA MORENO



AND THE LIDO: BARONESS D'ERLANGER, LADY DIANA
COOPER, MR. CHIPS CHANNON, THE CONTESSA NERINA,
AND MRS. LINDSAY

Whilst we in England are getting a bit more of that autumn nip than we think we deserve after a perfectly disgraceful summer, all these good people at Monte Carlo and the Lido continue to find bathing kit and any other kind of light marching order quite comfortable. The Grand Duchess Ilyinski-Dmitri married H.I.H. the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and their son is one of those who may have claims to the throne if ever Russia decides that a monarchy is a better thing than the kind of go-as-you-please show which obtains at the moment. Beautiful Lucien Leong and Serge Lifar posed that study in black and white most effectively on the yellow sands of the Lido. Rosita Moreno, who was snapped at Monte, is a continental film star of note; and the other group at the Lido includes some people who are very well known in society

QUELQUE "SHOWS" !



AT KILMALLOCK SHOW: CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR SOMERSET AND LORD DUNRAVEN



AT THE KILDARE HUNT SHOW: MRS. A. H. CONNELL, M.F.H., AND MRS. W. HALL, M.F.H.



AT THE DUNSTER SHOW: MAJOR PHILIP MAGOR AND CAPTAIN FRANK RICH



AT THE COOKSBRIDGE SHOW: LORD RATENDONE



AND ALSO SIR HENRY AND LADY SHIFFNER

When Bath finished all the really big shows were supposed to come to an end, but there are a few other places on the earth besides Beau Nash's home town, and in this page are included a few pictures from divers places in John Bull's two principal islands. The Hon. Arthur Somerset, who with his wife is in the Kilmallock group, is an uncle of Lord Raglan. The Kildare Hunt Horse Show was a good success, and Mrs. Connell and Mrs. Hall, both M.F.H.'s, were judging the children's pony class. The way the young idea goes over Meath and Kildare is, by the way, a caution to snakes. Nothing seems to stop those Irish ponies. The show was held at Punchestown. Mrs. Connell, who was Master of the North Kildare Harriers for the past two seasons, is now Joint Master (with Captain "Rags" Hornsby) this season of the Meath Hounds. Mrs. Hall has been Master of the Carlow Hounds since 1920. She is a daughter of the late Sir S. O'Grady Roche, Bart., of Carass, and is a great success. They have been playing polo, and having shows down Minehead way for some time past, and have not been so badly held up as we have in other parts of the world. Dunster is a paradise for this sort of thing. At the Cooksbridge Horse and Hound Show near Lewes the East Sussex hounds did very well. Sir Henry Shiffner has his seat at Coombe Place, Lewes

POLO IN WEST SOMERSET



"THE GREYLINGS" WINNERS OF THE SENIOR CUP: CAPTAIN M. P. BENTON, MR. H. P. GUINNESS, MR. S. J. BARTON, AND MR. M. H. E. LOPES



MRS. GEOFFREY LUTTRELL GIVES THE CUP TO MR. H. P. GUINNESS



SIR DENNIS BOLES, M.F.H., M.S.H., CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSOTE, M.F.H., AND MR. WORRALL



MRS. H. DE FREVILLE, MRS. STANLEY BARTON, AND "JOAN"



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. LAWRENCE-CARR AND MRS. HARRISON-HUGHES

These pictures were all taken at the West Somerset Polo Club's H.Q., that beautiful ground at Dunster, which is guarded by the ancient home of the Luttrells, Dunster Castle. Mr. Humphrey Guinness, England's back (1930), and a certainty for 1933, skippered the Greyings, who won the Senior Cup, beating the Friar Park team 6 to 5½, after giving them 2½ goals start. The cup was appropriately given away by Mrs. Geoffrey Luttrell, the wife of the Lord of the Manor of Dunster. Colonel Lawrence-Carr, who is in another snapshot, was the No. 3 of the Hopcott team which won the Novices' Cup. Mrs. de Freville owns the smallest Sealyham in the world, the attractive little hound which is sitting up and begging. Captain Maurice Kingscote, for many seasons field Master of the Beaufort, is the new Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). He is a former Master of the Tedworth. Sir Dennis Boles is Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds and of the Quantock Staghounds

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Waltzes from Vienna,"
at the Alhambra



THE PUPIL SINGS HER TEACHER'S SONGS

Resi, the pastry-cook's daughter, bursts into song while her lover, young Strauss, accompanies his own compositions. This sketch is of Miss Adrienne Brune and Mr. Esmond Knight, who play the principal parts at matinées—there are two performances a day at the Alhambra

"If music be the food of love, play on," said Shakespeare. With Schubert, as we saw in *Lilac Time*, love was the square meal on which music grew, and the more frequent the change of diet the more did it flourish. In *Waltzes from Vienna* Johann Strauss, junr. (perhaps we had forgotten there were two), figures as another composer-careerist who turned the noble passion to good advantage and stepped into fame over the broken heart of his lady-love. The old piece and the new are related in that in both the composer's love-story is set to his own music, with due regard to the licence necessary to adjust any minor facts or anachronisms to the needs of musical romance. But there the resemblance ends, for Sir Oswald Stoll's spectacular production differs as much from *Lilac Time* in style and technique as do the gentle airs of Schubert from the intoxicating Strauss waltzes

and 'quadrilles, the product, moreover, of not one Strauss but two.

Johann Strauss, the elder (the reference books tell us), died in 1849. Young Johann, born in 1825, succeeded to his father's orchestra, toured with it, and gave to dance music generally and the waltz in particular a new standard of merit. Young Strauss, in fact, eclipsed old Strauss, and his operettas and waltzes have left him with the greater fame.

How gay and enchanting a place Vienna could be in the last century Mr. Noel Coward has shown us in *Bitter Sweet*, whose theme of a pupil falling in love with her music-teacher is repeated at the Alhambra. Three foreigners and three Englishmen are responsible for the scenario, book, and lyrics, and with spectacle and music the main planks in Sir Oswald's latest revolving platform the efforts of the various authors can be politely and swiftly waived aside. As a dramatic theme the love of young Strauss for Resi, the pastry-



THE COUNTESS TAKES
A HAND

In giving young Strauss his chance as a composer. Miss Marie Burke sings charmingly and gives a throb of drama to a conventional character



THE PRIMA BALLERINA

Mlle. Alexandra Danilova, the leader of the Corps de Ballet. The dances are by Miss Albertina Rasch



OLD STRAUSS IS
ADAMANT

On the subject of Johann Junior's prospects of ever writing worth-while music. Mr. C. V. France in his suavest and most dignified mood in this part



"RESI" AND "SCHANI"

Thérèse (Miss Evelyn Herbert) and Johann Strauss, Jr. (Mr. Robert Halliday), who play the leads at the evening performances, and play them extremely well

Burnaby as the confectioner and Mr. Robert Nainby as a comic tailor, intent on a match between his son and Resi, cannot be said to impart more than a half-hearted flavour of humour to an entertainment which does not aspire to laugh-making.

Of all the protagonists in this lovely riot of ballet-skirts, bustles, uniforms, and heady music, only two seem to "come alive." One is Old Strauss, aloof, severe, and dignified, whom Mr. C. V. France with infinite skill turns from shadow into substance; and the dark-eyed countess who lures Old Strauss away from his orchestra on a visit to the Russian Ambassador, and in his absence gives Young Strauss his chance to conduct the orchestra and play his own music—the immortal "Blue Danube," which, however, had the incident ever taken place, was not written at the time. In this part

cook's daughter, and his struggle to win recognition as a composer in the face of stern paternal opposition is not exactly exhilarating. The story moves slowly; there are hold-ups at moments where things should move swiftly, and the laudable efforts of Mr. Davy



BACK-CHAT IN VIENNA

The pastry-cook (Mr. Davy Burnaby) and his tailor (Mr. Robert Nainby) co-optimistically supply a little comic relief to the "love story of music"

Miss Marie Burke again proves what a magnetic, stylish, and sensitive actress can do with next to nothing.

It is to the eye and the ear that *Waltzes from Vienna* makes its appeal. The Alhambra itself is decked out in fresh war paint. The tall sweep of the new proscenium arch is a gay oval in blue, green and red. The orchestra wear white coats, a link with those pre-War days when Herr Somebody's White Viennese Band vied at Hunt Balls with Herr Somebody-else's Blue Viennese Band. And a good orchestra it is. There are no foot-lights and the stage, which is a revolving one, seems capable of sloping upwards or downwards and performing one more mechanical trick than its neighbour at the Coliseum. This consists in lifting the orchestra wholesale out of their pit, elevating them far above the level of the foot-

lights, if there were any, and conveying them, still playing the opening bars of "The Blue Danube," to the back of the stage. On a white dais and in their white coats they look like some ascending heavenly host as they discourse what to

many must be the heavenliest of dance tunes ever written. This transportation, the thrill of the ever-green waltz and the dramatic entry of Old Strauss, at first to veto and then to applaud, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of an evening of many charming happenings.

Foremost among these is the production of Mr. Hassard Short. Mr. Short is responsible for all the mechanical and lighting effects, and his sense of light and shade, colour and grouping transform what would be a conventional setting into a new pattern rich in beauty and that quality of dramatic enchantment which mere lavishness can never capture. The lighting itself is singularly vivid and arresting. Sometimes, in the full glare of its top and side lights, it seemed that Miss Evelyn Herbert, the American soprano, was under-made-up, the pallor of her

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE SERGEANT IN WAITING

Mr. Dennis Noble sings finely as the constant lover of the girl who inspires Young Strauss to melody and fame



COLLARS IN THE 'FORTIES

Left to right: Hirsch (Mr. Ambrose Manning), Vienna's firework-king; Drechsler (Mr. Clifton Boyne), Old Strauss's manager; Doumayer (Mr. Tarver Penna), in whose illuminated gardens the Strauss orchestra performs; and Harikoff (Mr. Ernest Graham), the music publisher who fights shy of Young Strauss's new-style waltzes

DATES IN THE SCOTTISH DIARY



SHOOTING GROUSE IN GLEN CALLY: SIR HAROLD AND LADY ZIA WERNHER AND THEIR GUESTS



AT THE CLAN LINDSAY'S ANNUAL GATHERING: LORD CRAWFORD AND LADY ELIZABETH LINDSAY

The above group includes, as well as the host and hostess and their son Alexander, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, the Hon. W. Astor, Mr. Ernest Galt, the Hon. Roland Cubitt, and Sir Victor Mackenzie of Glen Muick. Sir Harold Wernher has more than once rented Cortachy Castle from Lord Airlie for the grouse shooting. This year he and his wife are occupying Downie Park on the Cortachy Estate. When the Clan Lindsay, at its annual gathering, visited Loch Leven Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned and from whence she escaped, Lord Crawford, as Chief of the Clan, was present with his second daughter, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay. Sir Douglas Ramsay (see right), who attended the successful Boy Scout Jamboree, held at Alyth, near his home, Banff, in Perthshire, used to be the King's Commissioner on the Balmoral estates. His baronetcy dates from 1666.



MISS KINLOCH, MISS LOUVAU, AND SIR DOUGLAS AND LADY RAMSAY AT A SCOTTISH SCOUT JAMBOREE



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ER SAW AT DAWN

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FEATURING A FEW FAVOURITES



DOROTHY LEE IN "HALF
SHOT AT SUNRISE"

Dorothy Lee is one of Radio Pictures' cadets and the title of this film at the moment does not convey a lot to us, but as no one so beautiful ever does get shot at dawn (on the films) we need not take it too much to heart. Jessie Matthews, who in her private life is Mrs. Sonnie Hale and one of our cleverest little musical comedy actresses, is busy making her first film at Elstree. It is a B.I.P. production and the title selected is "Out of the Blue." It is almost any odds on her making good if other things are equal and the picture is good enough. The Paramount Twentieth Birthday Jubilee party was, as will be observed, appropriately celebrated, but it is to be hoped that the distinguished people assembled round that enormous cake were under no obligation to do it in. If they were we should see them no more

JESSIE
MATTHEWS'
FILM DÉBUT



A PARAMOUNT JUBILEE CAKE: (Left to right)—LILYAN TASHMAN, CAROL LOMBARD, GEORGE BANCROFT, RUTH CHATTERTON, CLIVE BROOK, AND FAY WRAY



AT MERTOUN

Lord Brackley, the only son of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, with his sisters, Lady Susan, Lady Jane, Lady Mary, and Lady Margaret Egerton at their Scottish home near St. Boswell's in Roxburghshire. Lord Brackley was sixteen years old in May

Up North

News and Views



SHOOTING FROM GLAMIS: LIEUT.-COMMANDER EYRES, THE HON. DAVID BOWES-LYON, CAPTAIN THE HON. MICHAEL BOWES-LYON, AND ADMIRAL THE HON. W. S. LEVESON-GOWER ON LORD STRATHMORE'S WEST DUNOON MOOR



Bissett

FLIGHTS OF FANCY AT GORDON LODGE

Above is Lady Douro's party at the fancy dress ball given by Mrs. Harrison-Broadley at her house near Aboyne to celebrate the engagement of her daughter, Miss Heather Harrison-Broadley, to Mr. Blunt. In front—Lord Mornington, Lord Aberdour, and Lord Maidstone; behind—Lady Godfrey-Faussett, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Lady Anne Wellesley, Mr. D. Godfrey-Faussett (as a duchess!), Miss Pamela Wellesley, and Lady Douro

On the left is a group taken when Sir Edmund Findlay and his guests were shooting over the Ben Rinnies moors in Banffshire. Left to right—Mr. A. Gordon-Lennox, Dr. Alexander, General Pelham-Burn, Mr. Percy Laming, Captain W. McHaffie, Lady Findlay, Lady Lucas-Tooth (Sir Edmund's sister), Mr. Mackessack, Captain Dunbar Brander, Sir Alastair Gordon-Cumming, Sir Edmund Findlay, and Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth

Mitchell Laing

LOTS OF FUN AT FRINTON



MRS. JAMES HARRIS AND MRS. STANHOPE JOEL WITH SOLNA AND DANA JOEL



THE HON. MRS. RUTLAND AND HER YOUNG SON, DAVID



SPADE WORK: MAJOR AND MRS. PHILIP FLEMING ASSIST THEIR DAUGHTERS' BUILDING OPERATIONS

Photographs by A. V. Swaenbe

Frinton-on-Sea is deservedly popular with nursery society, for it provides such perfect sandy playing places. The late Mr. S. B. Joel's grandchildren, Solna and Dana, have been revelling in them, and David Rutland, though not yet two, was venturesome enough to go paddling when his mother was in support. He is Lord Ashfield's grandson. Major and Mrs. Philip Fleming's two daughters are a most engaging couple; Anne already rides very well, and Silvia, called after her grandmother, Lady Hunloke, is absolutely devoted to any kind of animal



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD JOICEY (VIOLET LORAINE) AND THEIR CHILDREN

A pleasing snapshot at Blenkinsopp Castle, Mr. Joicey's Northumberland seat. The two children are John and Richard. Miss Violet Lorraine's countless adherents are rejoiced to hear that she is making a return to the stage in a new musical play called "Stepping Stones," which is expected in the West End of London about the end of October

THE following story concerns the old days when games did not play the important part they now do in the training of youth. The headmaster of a certain school took very little interest in the games played by the boys entrusted to his charge.

One day, however, duty compelled him to attend a cricket match in which his school was matched against another not far distant. He arrived after lunch, and a moment later the umpire called out, "Over."

"Ah, well, thank heaven for that," murmured the head piously, as he rose and walked away.

"I scarcely knew your father to-day," said the district visitor to a little girl. "He's shaved his beard off again. That's the third time recently."

"Oh! father don't shave it off," explained the child; "it's mother wot does it. She's stuffin' the sofa."

They had been married for many years, and the wife of the much hen-pecked man was going away without her husband for the first time.

"What time does my train leave to-morrow, John?" she asked.

Like a flash he answered, "It goes in nineteen hours thirty-seven minutes."

The little daughter of the house had been sent down to entertain her mother's friend for a few moments.

"How did you enjoy your holiday, Mrs. Jones?" inquired the child by way of making conversation.

"Holiday?" rejoined the visitor, "but I haven't been away yet this year."

"That's funny," replied the infant, "I heard mummy saying that you had been at loggerheads with your husband."

Bubble and Squeak

TWO men who knew more about bridge than golf determined to have a small bet on their round. After some argument they decided that the stake should be the familiar one—sixpence a hundred.

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into a chemistry class, saw some students busy with retorts and test tubes.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavouring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a fine idea," agreed the farmer. "But when you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

THE charity worker was paying a visit to the big prison. "Well, my man," she said to one of the inmates, "and what brought you here?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders.

"Coincidence, ma'am," he said, "just coincidence."

"How's that?" she inquired, rather puzzled.

"Well, it was a case of real bad luck," he replied. "I called at a house to inspect the gas meter, and there was a bloke inspecting it at the time."

SANDY was travelling to Glasgow, and on the way he felt thirsty, so he took out a bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste a fellow passenger in clerical garb addressed him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I am sixty years of age, and I have never tasted a drop of spirit."

"Dinna worry yersel'," said Sandy. "Yer no' gaun tae start noo."

A broker went to Eastbourne for the week-end, and while out walking saw a man about to throw himself over Beachy Head.

He rushed up to him and tried to dissuade him, saying: "Come and have a quiet chat and think things over with me."

An hour later they both jumped over the cliff.

SHE had just come back from the honey-moon and happened to meet an old friend.

"How did you get to know your second husband, dear?" asked the friend.

"Oh, it was *most* romantic!" gushed the bride. "He ran over my first in his car."



EXCAVATION WORK AT FRINTON

The two operators are Lady Jane Douglas, Lord and Lady Queensberry's little girl, and Silvia Flemming, who is a grand-daughter of Sir Philip Hunkle

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Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

A WEARY brigadier home on leave from The Shiny has a most competent batman, stud groom, and general O.C. domestic arrangements whom he has left in charge of his entire stud somewhere in the dusty plains of the Punjab, and periodically he receives a report of how things are carrying on both in the stable and out of it. Some people erroneously believe that humour in the British Army died with Kipper's Private Mulvaney of the Black Tyrone. This is very far from the truth. T. Atkins is still T. Atkins, and always will be, bless his heart. I make no apology for purloining a few items from my friend's friend's latest despatch. He starts by "hopping" his few lines will find his master in the best of health, and that he had "a nice crossing"—the "crossing" being incidentally from Bombay to Marseilles, first bit in the teeth of the Monsoon—he then goes on to a bit of stable news and says: "sir, Poor old whykam as had a bit of a cough, but I bought a small bottle of encalyptus and put a little in Boiling water, and let him breath it I am please to say he is (O K) now. he seems to go pretty sound, except for last saturday he went slightly lame but is (O K) now thank God. Winnie and Annita (two more polo ponies) as keeping well" according by the postcard Whykam syce as had from Jullundur so this is (O K) sir, I drove the Car from this side of Jullundur city and arrived at Pathankote at 7.45 am (122 miles) in 3½ hours she went (O K) I got 2 Gills of Petrol at Pathankote and arrived at Dalhouse (O K) at 13.30 midday the native driver drove her up here, I got that cheque of 40 Rs chequed at the Groserie Bar, I told Ismal to send to the Bank as soon as Possible as you required. Sir this is the news for the present trusting the weather is not too cold I am sir your obedient servant A. F. Smith Rfm. Happy days!"



AT SANDWICH: THE HON. PHYLLIS ASTOR AND LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER

A snapshot taken when it had forgotten to rain for a few moments. The Hon. Phyllis Astor is Lord and Lady Astor's only daughter. Lady Alastair Innes-Ker is a sister-in-law of the Duke of Roxburghe

and were far more amusing than anything you can get (on payment) in London town. Thomas Atkins was over a sentimentalist, and you might bet your boots on there being at least one song in the menu about "Scriping the Moss off Bibby's Grive," or a turn about how he carved his wiy to glory, done by a lance-corporal with bloody "baynit," and a bandage heavily doped with red ink tied round his manly brow. He sang of how he and his comrades had held the whole enemy host up whilst a fatigue party of *blhistis* or water-carriers filled their skins with some much-needed H²O. It was all most absorbing, and was calculated to increase morale and *esprit de corps*. It still carries on. Old soldiers only die in order that new soldiers may take their place. The old spirit goes marching on, and it always will, thank goodness. Mulvaney was re-born in Old Bill; Ortheris in Bert and Alf, and Learoyd you

can find any day in the week in any regiment recruited anywhere north of the Holderness country. The darling ambition,

however, of these super-Thespians used to be the works of one W. Shakespeare, late of Stratford-on-Avon, and the choice almost invariably fell upon the more sanguinary of the poet's works. *Macbeth* was a good favourite, but *Hamlet* was always pretty close up. I shall never forget a performance of the latter at a place called Umballa. The part of the ghost was taken by a very intense and earnest Sergeant-Major who, whatever he may have lacked in word perfection, more than made up for it in his enthusiasm in putting the shade of murdered Denmark over. In that tense scene on the battlements of Elsinore, Hamlet and Co. all present and correct, the Prince had just got off his challenge to Ghost entering in appropriate raiment and twittering with excitement:

"Speak I'm bahnd to 'car."

When in due course the Ghost replied, adhering not strictly to the text:

"Amlet I am thy fawther's Gheost!"

Continued on p. viii)



LORD POWERSCOURT AND PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

At the garden-party the Earl of Meath gave in the President's honour, but which was rather wrecked by bad weather. In the hunting season the President occasionally has a go with the Ward

Things called "gaffs" also used to yield a lot of fun in the days when I was a stripling,



THE EARL OF MEATH

At the garden-party he gave at his Wicklow seat, Kilruddery, in honour of President Cosgrave. The late Lord Meath was the founder of Empire Day. The present Lord Meath used to command the 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards

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Another reason is that the filter-tip reveals a wealth of flavour and fragrance hitherto hidden. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.



The cigarettes with the filter-tip gained their first enthusiast in Sir Gerald du Maurier. As a mark of appreciation of their unique qualities he has permitted us to name them after him.



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THE du Maurier filter-tip has seven tangible advantages . . . It protects the lips and teeth from stain . . . It retains irritant "acrids" and is, therefore, the only effective method of preventing smoker's throat . . . It collects tobacco tar, thus guarding physical fitness . . . It stops bits of tobacco getting into the mouth . . . It avoids burning the tongue . . . It makes the smoke delightfully sweet and cool, bringing out the flavour . . . It gives a cleaner, healthier and more satisfying smoke.

Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter-tip."

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Peter Jackson (Tobacco Manufacturer) Ltd.

rays

POLO NOTES : "SERREFILE"

By

A CORRESPONDENT in Sydney, N.S.W., who desires anonymity, though I believe he was at one time well known in Australian polo circles, has written to me upon what has been going on during the London season this year, and the suggestion made in these notes before it closed that a trial of a tentative International team would have been of interest and a definite help to the selectors. My Australian friend says that whilst he agrees with a good deal of what has been said, judging purely by the "book" form, he is surprised that I made no mention of Australia as a possible "draw" for Internationals, and asks whether we in England did not think that the Ashton Brothers (Goulburn team) did not earn the right to be taken into consideration. He also wants to know why if people in India are eligible to play in an International team—he cites Major E. G. Atkinson and Captain R. George—people in Australia or any other part of the British Empire are not eligible. My unknown friend is under a bit of a misconception. No British player is ineligible provided he is a member of Hurlingham. That is the only qualification necessary under the Deed of Gift of 1911 of this International (Westchester) Cup. So much misconception seems to exist as to the qualification of players to represent an International side v. America, and has existed in the minds of people in this country who ought to have known more about it, that I think it is desirable to epitomize the essential clauses of that deed.

* * *

The date of the Deed of Gift is November 21, 1911; the Cup is an American Cup, and the parties to it are (1) the Westchester Club, the owners of the Cup, (2) the Polo Association of America, and (3) the Hurlingham Club. Party No. 1 assigned to Party No. 2, its successors, and assigns this Cup in trust for certain specific purposes. The only purpose that matters is this: "That it (the Cup) shall be preserved as a perpetual International Challenge Cup for friendly competition between Polo teams representing officially the Polo Association of America and the Hurlingham Club of London, or such Clubs or Associations as may hereafter succeed them or either of them in the control of the Rules of Polo in the United States of America and the Kingdom of Great Britain. . . ." Of course, this deed says nothing about parts of the British Empire other than Great Britain, and it may be that this correspondent in Australia and other people may have taken this clause to mean that only players resident in the British Isles are eligible. This, of course, is not so. The qualifying words are "teams representing officially the Polo Association of America and the Hurlingham Club of London," so that any player who is a member of either of these two organizations is eligible whether he hails from the Wild West of America, the Back Blocks of Australia, or the roof of the world Tibet, which is nearer the birthplace of polo than either Great Britain or America. I think my Sydney correspondent should endeavour to get the idea out of his head that Hurlingham is parochially inclined, or that there is now what he calls a "Hurlingham ring," meaning that the selectors will not look outside their own little enclosure. At one time there may have been some ground for such a supposition, but there is none now. A good answer to the accusation about cliquism is the fact that in 1927, Hurlingham let an Army in India team take virtual charge of the In-

ternational operations. All these officers, of course, were members of Hurlingham, and so were fully qualified under the terms of the Deed of Gift. 1911. Any player from any part of the world can get his International colours provided (a) he is a member of Hurlingham, and (b) he is good enough class. The members of that fine Australian team we saw last year were all elected members of Hurlingham Club, and there was no reason against any one of them being selected to play for Great Britain v. America.



AT DUNSTER: CAPTAIN AND MRS. BATTINE

Arriving at Dunster Lawns for the West Somerset Polo Club's Children's Gymkhana, which luckily escaped the weather which has been customary to the year 1931. A lot of the polo matches had to be cancelled, and the only wonder is that they had not to turn the whole show into water polo

The fact that no member of that Goulburn team was invited to play for Hurlingham (England) v. America was because at that time, or rather at the time when our International team was in the making, no one in this country knew anything about the Australian form, and even Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill who had been down to Australia from India with a team selected from officers serving in India, could not have told us very much.

Australia had been taking in her own washing where polo was concerned until last year; the game was very young with her, and most people outside of Australia thought of polo in that land in the terms of "Banjo" Patterson's "The Man From Snowy River." Australia could hardly know where she stood herself, and this Goulburn team went out on a reconnaissance in force to find out. England in general, therefore, and the Hurlingham Selection Committee in particular, could not know. The brilliant form which that Goulburn team showed was an absolute revelation. But the International team v. America was

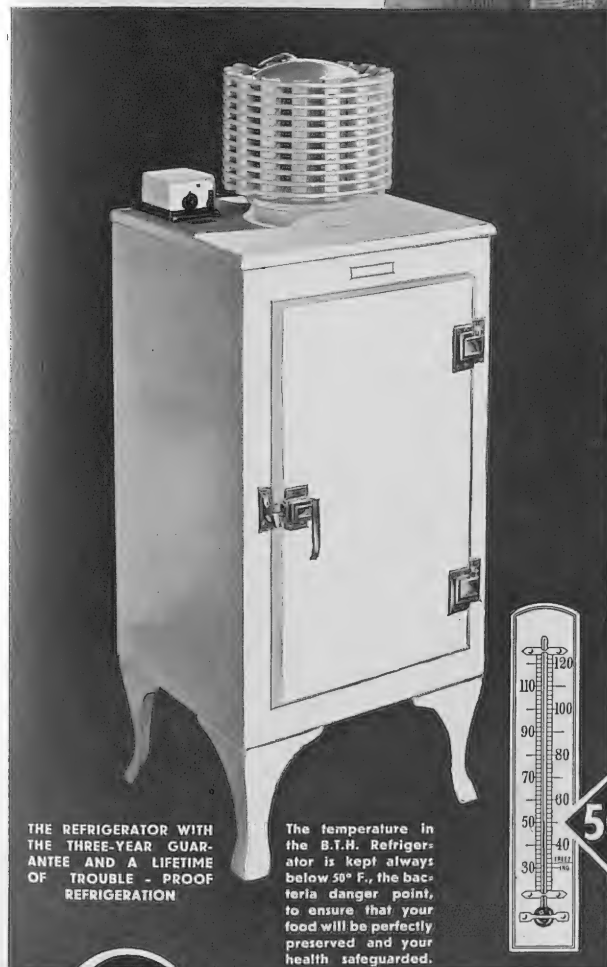


THE HURLINGHAM (BUENOS AIRES) POLO TEAM

One of the two teams from the Argentine which is a starter for the American Open Championship at Meadowbrook this month. The other one is the Santa Paula team. The names in the above picture, left to right, are: Mr. Daniel Kearney, Mr. John Miles, Mr. David Miles, and Mr. Lewis Lacey

(Continued on p. xiv)

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Heterodox.

I SUPPOSE that there is a bacillus (not yet isolated or identified, as far as I know) that causes a person, such as me, to kick against the pricks. It exercises such an influence upon me that sometimes I am driven to think that I belong to the wrong generation—only then I read "Priscilla's"

Parisian notes, and conclude that I still have a palpitating interest in life. On the matter upon which it was my intention to write, I have, I regret to say, only a few rambling thoughts, sloppy, inchoate, and all the rest of the despicable adjectives. So that I hardly dare to say that when my young bright eyes first saw motor-cars—got a glimpse of what they might mean—I was tremendously impressed by what the pioneer designers had done. True, brother, true, they put their steering wheels

in all sorts of comic places, and not seldom they demanded that some of their passengers should travel with their backs to the engine. Indeed, on occasion it was necessary for someone to get out and ply a crowbar in order to change gear. But still I think that these wonderful old chaps (most of 'em dead and buried with broken hearts ere now) had the right idea. Their plan was that a motor-car should be a carriage in which all the best of the accommodation (it was not much in those days) should be given to the passengers. This notion was utterly upset by the far cleverer engineers who produced the proposition that passengers were of no consideration whatever, and that the best place on the car should be given to the engine. It had that position solely because it was thoroughly unreliable. But the habit of putting the power plant in front, "under a cottage," was fashionable. Mercedes established it, and all the rest followed. Since then the number of automobile engineers who have dared to flout this dictate can almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. As a confident believer in the unconventional I wave an enthusiastic palm to the Rover people, to Sir Dennistoun Burney, and to the Trojan folk for having the audacity to put the engine at the back—which is the place (in my humble view) to which it properly belongs. But I am not arguing upon this technical point. If you, my most estimable opponents, are satisfied to let the question be solved by the passage of years, why so am I. We are little likely to quarrel. But there is, I admit, one little thing which irks me. It is the fact that, out of the three I have mentioned, two of the unconventional cars do not openly declare their

unconventionality. The Trojan, having its engine where the luggage box normally resides, still shows a long and suggestive bonnet (a marvellous example of *suggestio falsi*), and the new little Rover is nigh as bad, for not only has it a bonnet that merely serves to hold the passengers' feet, but it has a sham radiator with dummy louvres. Far be it from me to

quarrel with the policy of those who have materialized this extremely ingenious (and, I am convinced, very important) contribution to the much cheaper motoring movement. I give them full marks for their endeavours, and I wish them all possible success. But yet I feel that the unorthodox car (for which, heaven knows, there is a ample room) should be unorthodox from start to finish. The principle of the engine at the back is so good in itself that it need not conciliate its public by pretending to be just a normal

car scheme. I would like to see the unorthodox proud of its heterodoxy. And some day, I surmise, the ghosts of the old pioneer car designers will get together and, watching what happens in this very slowly progressive earth, will nudge one another with a whispered "I told you so." Go to South Kensington and see the motor-cars of the distant past . . . and you will not improbably get some idea about the cars of the distant future.

Austin.

As for those of the near, we have already had a fair idea of their characteristics. At the beginning of last week there was a reception at the Austin Works, when the programme for next year's activities was adumbrated. It came as no surprise to learn that there were no absolutely new models, though the Westminster saloon body on the well-known Sixteen-Six chassis is something quite out of the ordinary in bodywork. The Twelve-Six, which is as fine an example of value for money as can be found on any market, remains as before in its various types, but the even more famous Seven has been dropped in price, the normal saloon costing now only £118 as against the previous £130. All the standard Sevens have been considerably improved by the fitting of wheels, wings, and headlamps of a new type, the last having a dipping beam device controlled by a switch on the steering column. It was interesting to hear Sir Herbert Austin confidently talking of an Olympia Show to be held every two years, a notion that appeared to find much support amongst his numerous "trade" guests on this occasion. Probably it would be a good thing for most of those

(Continued on p. xvi)



THE GENTLEMEN OF SHROPSHIRE v. THE GENTLEMEN OF STAFFORDSHIRE

A group of the two teams taken at the annual match at Tettenhall, Wolverhampton. Back row—F. B. Clark, J. C. Dent, H. J. S. Nesbitt, J. S. Edge, Rev. J. H. Cartner, Captain H. Barber-Starkey, Brig-General J. B. Wells, C.M.G., D.S.O., Captain W. H. Dawson, E. Tomkins, Captain R. Bryans, M.C., J. B. Davies, and P. Ferney. Seated—G. S. Tomkinson, G. H. Thorneycroft, H. Pritchard-Gordon (captain of the Shropshire Gentlemen), E. W. Page (captain of the Staffordshire Gentlemen), Major A. C. L. D. Lees, G. C. McFerran, and Captain H. M. Hughes-Hallett. In front—C. W. J. Chinner, R. P. Blyth, R. G. Willcock, and A. N. Other



MR. STENSON-COOKE, AUTHOR

And also, as all motordom knows, the highly-efficient secretary of the Automobile Association. Mr. Stenson-Cooke is the author of a really good book, "This Motoring," which has just been published by Messrs. Cassells, and is referred to in "Petrol Vapour's" notes

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194!

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BETTY

By H. W. Martin

ON a terrace near the top of the Livingstone Mountains, sixty miles from Wied-haven, Lake Nyassa, is the grave of Betty, one of the most adorable pets and loyal companions man could have.

She came into my possession in a peculiar manner—in fact she was thrown in as a make-weight with a parcel of ivory.

While trading for ivory and rubber in the Belgian Congo many years ago when that territory was the happy hunting ground of King Leopold, I called at the village of a tribal chief, reputed to be the possessor of a large store of ivory. As was usual in such cases, the chief, to impress me with his importance, sent a message to the effect that he did not receive visitors until he had had his siesta, and that he would see me at sundown. In the meantime I was free to wander about the village—a large one.

During my peregrinations I noticed a spreading mahogany tree growing in an open space in the centre of the village—probably the communal meeting place. As its shade looked very tempting, I decided to write up my diary under it, so I told my personal boy to bring the folding table and camp stool and got to work.

I had been writing for about five minutes when a freshly broken twig landed on the table. I looked up, expecting to see a tree rat at work; instead I found myself looking into the eyes of an ape. I then went to my loads and got a couple of bananas to tempt her to descend—no monkey or ape can resist this fruit. I soon lured her down—a fine specimen of a half-grown female chimpanzee.

She was not a bit timid, but very curious. My colour seemed to puzzle her, she kept running her hands over my face and then examining them to see if she had rubbed any of the white off, and thinking me no end of a freak.

I had just given her the second banana when the chief came along, and after the ceremonial greeting of clapping hands and rubbing noses (the latter performance I escaped on the plea of a broken cartilage), and an exchange of presents, I asked him how he acquired the chimpanzee. He said that while a party of his hunters were out after elephant, one of them shot the mother and captured the baby, when about three weeks old; her name, he said, was Bettu. I asked him to sell her to me, offering calico, brass wire, and salt in exchange—most Central African natives will sell their souls for calico and salt.

"No," he said; nothing would induce him to part with Bettu, and then changed the subject. If he thought I was to be put off so easily he was greatly mistaken, for I intended to become the possessor of Betty as I had come to call her, and nothing short of manslaughter would prevent me.

Trading with natives is a painful business, and it took me ten days to persuade the old blighter to produce a ton of ivory. After a lot of haggling he quoted his lowest price, which was really a reasonable one, but I pretended it was too high.



... then grabbing my hand would absolutely pull me along ...

However, I told him I would give him what he asked if he would throw in Betty. He was fond of her, but fonder of calico and salt, so the latter won, and Betty changed hands.

I had now a long trek to make, as the nearest ivory market was at Ujiji, on the east side of Lake Tanganyika. How to get Betty along was the next question. She would never be able to walk to the lake shore, a distance of 400 miles, and I would not trust any porter to carry her, so I decided to have her carried in my *machila* (hammock).

Betty did not mind being carried in the *machila* as long as I walked beside it and held her hand, but when I left her, as I had to occasionally, she would tweak the leading bearer's ears till the *machila* stopped, when she would hop out and join me. This was rather embarrassing, especially when I had left the path to shoot guinea-fowl or small buck, as she always insisted on taking my hand, so there was nothing for it but to tie her in the hammock. I removed the sling of my rifle and buckled it round her little tummy, fastening the end to the pole.

When we came to the first stream the *machila* bearers laid down their burden and refused to go any farther unless I devised some other means for Betty's transportation. I ordered camp to be pitched, then sent the carriers to cut bamboos. That evening we made a cage for her with bamboos and brass wire.

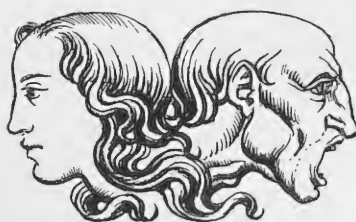
Betty did not like the cage at all, and I had great difficulty in getting her into it, but after a day or two, finding her struggles ineffectual, she resigned herself to this mode of locomotion. In this manner, slung to the hammock pole, she was carried to the lake shore, where we chartered two sailing barges from a Greek store-keeper to take us across.

We had a very rough crossing. Instead of twelve hours, the time usually taken, we were three days doing the trip. Betty was most frightfully sea-sick the whole time, and I am sure had the voyage lasted another day she would have died.

We installed ourselves in a small bungalow at Ujiji, and it was here that Betty commenced to show her intelligence. The

(Continued on p. iv)

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Eve at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Diana Fishwick, winner of the Naze Salver at the Naze Club's ladies' open meeting, with (left) Miss Kathleen Garnham, who won the Silver Division handicap. Miss Fishwick's score of 75 was two strokes under par. The Naze Salver was presented by Mr. P. J. Pybus, the new Minister of Transport



Not even a scarecrow could make Mrs. Sydney Terry look up when chipping on to the 8th green at the Naze. Presumably this deterrent is for birds, not "birdies"



Miss Edna Alexander, playing on her home course, returned the best handicap score (94 less 24=70) at the Naze open meeting



Miss Cecil Uthoff, the Hampshire golfer, who has a scheme in her head for reorganizing county matches

JUST before we set off on a wild career of autumn competition golf we have got to do a little serious thinking. It appears that some people consider all is not well with the organization of county matches, and in the September number of "Fairway and Hazard" Miss Cecil Uthoff bids us put on

clubs would find it cheaper to send a team and reserves and pay their hotel expenses at one centre for the inside of a week, instead of the present way of touring their own division, and whether players would really like such concentrated essence of county golf rather than matches which are something to look forward to for several weeks of the season.

As for the strain of playing probably eight county matches straight on end without intermission, it really would seem a terrible process, compared with which county finals prior to the English Championship, or Internationals prior to the Open, would appear as nothing. After all, though many forget it, we do play golf for pleasure, and the pleasure at the end of those county days might be of a very doubtful quality. One seems to picture a loss of local interest, a loss of opportunity for players to redeem an early bad start.

But, worst of all, one has a presentiment that a change like this will take away much

of the friendly feeling of county golf and reduce it instead to something so professional and business-like that many of the players will cease to take any pleasure and county golf lapse altogether into ill odour.

Miss Diana Fishwick has really done some excellent things in the scoring line this year, not least the other day in the Naze's meeting when she had a gross score of 75, two below par. Needless to say, that carried off the scratch prize. Miss Garnham with 79-1=78 and Miss Diana Plumpton with 80-2=78 tied for the silver division handicap, the tie going to Miss Garnham, so that good young players were all to the fore. An eye must be kept on all three of these at the English Championship, most particularly, of course, Miss Fishwick.

Miss Fishwick was the dominating factor, too, at the Girls' Golfing Society Meeting at Stoke Poges. That is always a trial of strength between Past and Present competitors in the Girls' Championship, with fluctuating honours. Last year it was Present, in the person of Miss Pauline Doran; this year it was Past. Miss Fishwick was showing just how simply it is possible to hit the ball with real success; her 39 out and 40 home, if it does not compare with some scores which have been done at Stoke, was still very good, because there was remarkably little run on the ball, and dew made the putting puzzling. A couple of missed putts, after chips hopefully near the hole, were really her chief slips. Playing from scratch she tied with Miss Diana Plumpton—who seems fated to lose ties just now—for first handicap and won the tie. That was in the top division,

(Continued on p. xx)

our thinking-caps and discuss a suggestion for altering the grouping of counties. Now Miss Uthoff must certainly be listened to. She is not only an excellent golfer and hockey player, but she has done any amount of hockey organization and is the sort of golfer on whom knowledgeable officials keep an eye, whilst heads of departments say to each other in private, "You know she is just the sort who ought to step into our shoes some day."

In the bad old days before the L.G.U. took over, all the counties who could raise sufficient funds travelled indiscriminately about the country playing any other county who would accept a challenge. That was soon thought altogether too haphazard, and so England was geographically divided. Now, with a feeling of unrest in the air, there seems to be an idea that counties should be grouped by merit rather than geographical position and that county matches, instead of being dotted throughout the season, should take place on three or four consecutive days when all the counties of a group would forgather to one centre and play each other then and there.

There would be no finals, but the counties in Group One would struggle to become the champion county, while the lowest county in that group would be de-graded to Group Two, the top scorer of Group Two moving up into Group One. The first year the grouping would have to be artificial, which seems to open up horrid possibilities, with counties presumably rated on the aggregate handicaps of their seven best players. That would, of course, sort itself automatically after the first year. What remains to be thrashed out is whether county

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The Highway of Fashion : By M. E. BROOKE

A Résumé of the Autumn Modes.

THE cream of the Paris collections have crossed the Channel and are being shown at the London dress parades. There are a limited number of the extreme models introducing the more exaggerated features of the 'sixties. It is not generally believed that they will do more than arouse interest, and most assuredly will not be taken seriously. The fashions for town and country wear and for sports are a development of those of the Spring, the skirts being decidedly shorter.

The All-Important Coatee.

The coatee dominates evening dress, and although women who wish to economize may do so where frocks are concerned they will be unwise to endeavour to make last season's coat do. Apparently fashion has a rooted objection to bare arms. These coatees are made of practically every fabric and may strike a contrast or harmonize with the dresses. A black velvet dress may be accompanied with a white chiffon coat, the bishop's sleeves



Ponyskin is a success this season, therefore the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, have used it for this coat, trimming it with sable squirrel. (See p. ii)

with short tunics with corsages of the cross-over character with neat vests. The long Russian tunic trimmed with braid and slight fall-over at the waist has been revived. At the moment it is of the same colour and material as the dress. It is, however, believed that later on it will be made of fur cloth with gold and other galons at the waist, neck, and wrists.

Not Quite Right.

There is a frock about which practically little has been said, because the impression created by it is that it is not quite right; it comes from Paris and is expressed in a silken fabric. It gives a squarish outline to the figure; it sags over the shoulders; indeed it suggests that its appearance would be improved by padding; it throws into prominence the figure below the waist; and is very loose at the back. It is particularly interesting when it is seen in conjunction with a starched white linen Eton collar caught with ribbon.

The Return of Pilot Cloth.

An outstanding feature of the autumn fashions is the revival of blue pilot cloth for wrap coats. This is a matter for congratulation, as it may be worn with dresses of various colours. The coats

(Continued on p. ii)

tucked to show the lines of the arm, while from the narrow collar-band falls a miniature academic hood. The sides in front are allowed to fall apart. Again there is the dolman cape of lamé outlined with velvet and reinforced with chiffon sleeves; this is a new conceit and marvelously becoming. Another novelty seen in conjunction with detachable sleeves is a handkerchief drapery; it is attached to a narrow band which encircles the column of the throat, the drapery falling away from the frock.

The Little Frock.

The little frock is very important; it is made of a new autumn wool fabric. When the colour is carob brown there may be a white piqué vest on which rests an orange cravat bow, the shade being repeated in the belt. The neck-lines of other models are finished with a soft white scarf drapery or a piping of white piqué. The skirts are moulded to the hips, box and other pleats being subsequently responsible for the fulness. Belts are important on all the dresses; those of patent leather and suède are being looked on with favour.

The Tunic Dress.

The tunic dress will likewise have its rôle to play; the overdress is three or four inches shorter than the skirt. It is cut on Princess lines and has a line of buttons down the front as well as down the back and is reinforced with a belt. This is a description of an extreme model; there are others

As these models belong to the Matita family they represent the last syllable in fashion. The coat and skirt of the model on the right is of brown tweed trimmed with simuli Persian lamb, while the red jumper is of fine cashmere. The skirt of the other model is of plain cashmere, and the jumper is of checked jersey. (See p. ii)



Matita presents this ensemble of green tweed, with its plain skirt and jersey tweed jumper, which partakes of the nature of a jacket. (See p. ii)



AT THE STRAND THEATRE



Stage Photo Co.

*In 'Counsel's Opinion'
Aquascutum Coats
are the best for every
occasion.*

Owen Nares loses his
Aquascutum Coat
to
Isabel Jeans
who looks perfectly
charming in it

*The best coats for men and
women at the new economy
prices. . . WRITE FOR BOOKLET "A"*



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

are cut on military lines, the large collars being outlined with fur (tiger cat is a favourite pelt for this purpose). Chanel is using a wool material in natural colours that has been specially shrunk for coats of this character. They are lined with quilted satin of the same shade, and as a consequence are light and warm. The colour schemes of the tweed must be mentioned; they are decidedly smart and are far brighter than they were a few months ago; they are frequently toned down with black astrachan or sealskin. For instance, a coat showing a small check in lacquer and emerald green colourings would be seen in conjunction with either of these furs, or it may be Persian lamb. By the by, fur and tweed, or leather and fur, would be present in the bag, which must of course have the zipper fastening.

Cravats and Scarves.

When collars are edged with fur, cravats of fur are worn; they are 4 or 5 in. wide, and are loosely knotted at one side or other place whichever is most becoming to the wearer. They are made of short-haired pelts including ermine, squirrel, sealskin, and musquash. Long wool scarves are very important; they are arranged to suggest a stock, and are caught with a large plain platinum or gold safety pin. The scarves are often of natural shades with coloured stripes. Tweed capes with waistcoats have come into their own again; naturally they look better in the country than in town.

Fur Vests.

Fur vests are worth mentioning as they are decidedly smart; they spring from the shoulder seam of a cape or bolero; they cross over in front and are carried round to the back where the ends are united in a flat bow. Shawl collars are seen on afternoon coats which are expressed in velvet and other luxurious materials. As a matter of fact a lovely Parisian model of Lyons velvet had an enormous collar draped at the back with a shawl effect in front, where it crossed over and finished at each side of the waist.

The "Matita" Collection.

Everything that bears the name of "Matita" is endowed with a cachet that places it on a plane apart. They are to be seen in the leading shops in London and in the provinces; as a matter of fact it is an open secret that Paris regards them with favour. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, the makers, "Matita," 124, Great Portland Street, W., will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Some of the triumphs will be seen on p. 512. Before describing these attention must be called to the fact that in many instances the jumper has become a jacket and in others a subtle Russian influence is noticeable; also black, white, and coloured patent leather is used for decorative purposes, and the gayest of colours are seen in alliance with those of a sombre view.

Alliance of Tweed and Jersey.

The "Matita" suit on the left of p. 512 has a green tweed coat and a plain dark green skirt; the third piece is the new jumper-jacket with belt and not too full basque below, the folded vest being of crêpe de chine. Tweed and Jersey tweed

a checked jersey jumper; note the clever manner in which the scarf collar is arranged, also the belt.

The Skating Shutter Dress.

A study in red and black is the Matita skating shutter dress; the short black skirt is arranged in sections, and most assuredly does suggest shutters; they are held in position with zipper fastenings. When they are fastened there is an ordinary walking skirt; when the garment is needed for skating they are undone, and the sections fall apart, the knickers a lacquer red, while black and red are present in the jumper and its accessories.

Smart and Reliable.

All women know from experience that smart and reliable furs at pleasantly moderate prices are ever to be seen at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. It will be recalled that there is no shop window, as their showrooms are situated on the first floor. The catalogue is ready and is worthy of careful study. At the top of p. 512 will be seen a ponyskin coat with squirrel collar; nevertheless, incredible as it may seem, it is only 21 guineas. Persian lamb coats with collars and cuffs of sable squirrel are 49 guineas. As nothing wears better than natural musquash, it is capital news that there are coats of this fur from 18 guineas, those of marmot being the same price. The cost of silver fox has indeed descended; here have been assembled a collection of stoles of this fur for 15 guineas, three skin sable ones being 24 guineas.

Tailored Suits and Wrap Coats.

There is no doubt about it that a wrap-coat designed and carried out by Studd and Millington, Conduit Street and Chancery Lane, is a decided acquisition to any woman's wardrobe. They are responsible for the model pictured on this page; it is carried out in Otterburn tweed and is collared with fur; it will be seen that the waistline is raised and that there are patch pockets. On application, this firm would be pleased to send self-measurement forms, patterns of materials, and illustrated catalogue. They also make a feature of motor and travelling coats of all kinds; they are made of light, nevertheless warm materials, which are perfectly ventilated; and there are the coats and skirts in which the art of the tailor and cutter go hand in hand. They are made in various new autumn fabrics.

The Vogue for Velvet.

Is it not wonderful news that the Lancashire manufacturers have perfected a Rayon velvet known by the name of "Artvel"? It is guaranteed that the colours are fast, it will stand repeated washing, and is practically uncrushable. There is a wide range of self shades, and then there are the printed. Plain Artvel looks particularly well when converted into evening wraps and frocks, and then the printed represents the acme of smartness for the decorative coatee, without which no evening dress is complete. Furthermore, it is an ideal background for fur.



AN AUTUMN WRAP COAT

Designed and carried out by Studd and Millington in Otterburn tweed, with a becoming fur collar

are present in the hat, which completes it. The suit on the extreme right is of bulrush brown tweed, the coat trimmed with simili Persian lamb. The fine cashmere jumper is of an unusual shade known by the name of burnt brick; simili Persian lamb trims the cap. The jumper suit next to it has a plain brown cashmere skirt with



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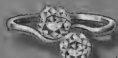
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14 Unter den Linden

Betty—continued from p. 508

first thing she learned to do was to unlace and take my boots off. All I had to do was to lie down on the bed, when Betty would immediately get to work. She was painfully slow at it, but as she was so persevering and took such a delight in performing what she considered a kindly act, I had not the heart to deprive her of the job.

Next I taught her table manners and initiated her into the use of a knife and fork. It was most amusing to watch her place her chair at table, unfold the piece of calico that I had given her as a napkin, and spread it over her lap. Her meals consisted of bananas, shelled ground

nuts, and mangoes when I could get them.

She would peel her bananas, cut them into small pieces, and lift them to her mouth with a fork. Ground nuts she would negotiate with a spoon, but mangoes were rather a trial to her. I explained that when she got her hands messy she could clean them by having recourse to her finger-bowl and napkin. She thought the hand-rinsing business rot, however, for no sooner did she get them clean than she was up to her elbows in mango-juice again, so, although not an expert myself, I always came to her rescue when battling with this particular fruit.

My next move was to the Livingstone

Mountains, east of Lake Nyassa, and 250 miles from Ujiji. Much as I disliked it, I had to box Betty up in her cage again for the journey. She pleaded hard to be allowed to walk with the caravan, but this I could not permit, for although very active Betty was no stayer. Though not so long as the previous one, this journey occupied a month.

I had a permanent camp on a terrace near the top of the Livingstone range. There were two reasons for having the camp at such an altitude. The first was on account of the temperature—this was thirty degrees lower than on the plains below—in fact it was bitterly cold after sundown in winter, and buckets of water left out at night were often frozen solid. The other reason was to escape the mosquitoes which

swarmed on the lower ground.

Up till now Betty's bed had consisted of two small cotton blankets spread on the floor of my tent, but here I had a rough little four-poster bedstead and straw mattress made for her, and instead of two blankets she had three. I taught her to put her bedding out in the sun every morning and bring it in and make her bed in the evening, and after a week's practice, became quite a little expert at bed-making. Several times she tried to take my bedding out also, but never got beyond pulling the blankets off—they were too large and heavy for her to carry.

(Continued on p. vi)



THE ANNUAL BORDER MATCH AT SELKIRK

Major S. Strang-Steele's XI, which defeated Selkirk in the annual match which brings the Border Season to a close. The visitors got 151 for seven declared and then got Selkirk out for 143. H.R.H. Prince George, Lord and Lady Churchill, Lord Cornwallis, Lady Dalkeith, and the Hon. Mrs. Strang-Steele were amongst the spectators. The names in the group, left to right, are: front—Colonel Thorburn, Lord Dalkeith, Major Strang-Steele, Commander O. W. Cornwallis, M. Wolfe-Murray, N. McCluskie, and J. Lyle; at back—R. Lyle, A. Hazlerigg, P. Daniel and J. W. Steele; umpires: J. B. Hall and George Murray



BY APPOINTMENT

THESE light-weight Morocco Leather Dressing Cases, size 18½ × 14 × 6 ins., are made at Mappin & Webb's London Manufactory.

The beautiful Enamel and Sterling Silver-gilt Brushes, Hand Mirror, etc., are conveniently fitted in the front of Case; a large compartment, free of Fittings, is available for Clothing.

The Enamel Dressing Table Service is obtainable in the leading colours.

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L'AIMANT *Magnetism incarnate, 15/6. Handbag size from 3/9.*
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 LE CYCLAMEN *Exotic, mysterious, 27/6. Handbag size from 3/9.*
 BONBONNIERE *designed by Lalique, filled with Coty Face Powder in the following fragrances: L'Origan, La Jacée Paris, L'Emeraude, Shades: Naturelle and Rachel 1, 15/6.*

Obtainable
at the
smartest
shops.





LORD RIDDELL

A recent picture which appeared in "The Tatler" made Lord Riddell look so deplorably ill that we hasten to publish this very categorical denial. London's wittiest after-dinner speaker and one of the great pillars of its Press is very fit indeed

Betty—continued from p. iv

At the far end of the ridge, about one and a half miles away, a friend of mine, Richardson, had his camp. He and I exchanged visits almost daily. Whenever I went to Richardson's I took Betty along; she enjoyed these walks immensely—I had only to tell her I was going to see Dick, when she would put on her little blouse and skirt that a native tailor made for her, fasten her sun-bonnet, and take her little hand-bag containing a tiny mirror and wisp of a handkerchief, then grabbing my hand would absolutely pull me along. When I wanted to borrow a book or magazine, but did not feel like taking a walk, all I had to do was to scribble a note, stating my wants, and tell Betty to get her little basket and take the note to Dick's, and within an hour she would be back with whatever I had sent her for. She could do almost anything but talk.

It was a habit of mine, if any native did not complete the task set him to my satisfaction, to lead the delinquent by the ear or nose to the unfinished or slovenly executed job. Betty, of course, had to imitate me, and tweaked the noses of all and sundry, on the principle, I suppose, that if they did not deserve it at the time they would later. Betty thought it great fun, but the natives did not appreciate it at all; they have no sense of humour.

Autumn had now arrived, and with it a sharp tang in the air. Betty, a product of the tropics, felt it very much. As the nights became cooler I made her sit by the fire until I had warmed her bed. This I did by heating large stones and putting them between her blankets, of which she now had four. She was very grateful for the warmth, and would express her gratitude by taking my hand and pressing it against her cheek.

As winter approached she developed a nasty cough, and gradually went off her feed; even luscious grapes which I procured from the German settlement at Wied-haven would not tempt her. She got worse as the cold increased and soon became so weak that I had to lift her in and out of bed.

I gave her malted cod liver oil four times a day, and at night brandy and milk. I do not think she suffered any pain, for she was always cheerful. All she asked of me was to sit by her little bed and hold her hand till she went to sleep. She was sinking fast, and I could see that I was going to lose her.

She died one night in midwinter, and I buried her the next day under a large mopani tree, on which I carved her name and date of death.

With the passing of Betty, I lost a real friend; it was like losing a favourite child, for Betty was almost human. If there is an animal heaven I am sure Betty's soul has gone to it.



MR. AND MRS. DUDLEY MADDICK

Who were married on the 8th at St. Columba's, Pont Street. Mr. Dudley Maddick is a leading light on the staff of our friend "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," and the son of Mr. G. J. Maddick of Whitehall Court, who is the well-known managing director of "The Illustrated London News" and "The Sketch." Mr. Dudley Maddick's bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnstone Smith of Glasgow. Felicitations!

WONDERS OF THE AGES....



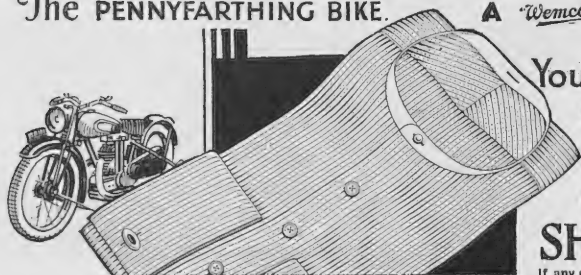
The PENNYFARTHING" BIKE.

They marvelled at the first bike...

that attained quite six miles an hour! But this generation does not accept finality. Men's preference for "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas is a tribute to ever-improving quality, silkily supple texture and sterling service. The fast and serviceable colourings you admire are plentiful in the ranges of well-cut garments obtainable from leading Hosiers, Outfitters, and Stores.

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The prudence which looks for unbroken service quickly recognises in each Chilprufe garment a generous regard for seemingly "small details." Nothing is missed or hurried.

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Come and see some of the many Chilprufe winter models for girls and boys; all the necessary shapes are included in our stock.

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**Keep their nails
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writes **LADY DUFF GORDON**,
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"Go into any famous restaurant—you'll find every smart woman there has sparkling nails" writes Lady Duff Gordon, whose gown shop in Bond Street is so well known. "Gleaming finger-tips are most attractive, and it's very easy to give your nails this smart finish, just by using the famous Cutex Liquid Polish. One application of this delightful polish lasts for *days*—and it brushes on so smoothly, drying instantly to a crystal brilliance." This marvellous polish never cracks or peels or turns brown. It spreads on quickly and smoothly, giving a brilliant lustre that lasts undimmed for a whole week.

But before you apply the polish, use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, so that your nail-rims will be smooth and trim and your nail-tips spotlessly clean and white.



● *Cutex Liquid Polish (in six smart shades), 1/6. Polish Remover, 1/6. Perfumed Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 2/6; unperfumed, 2/- Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 2/- Wherever toilet goods are sold, you can buy these Cutex preparations*

CUTEX Liquid Polish

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 502

Quick as a flash from the gallery came a loud voice: "Yes, and a ruddy h'ugly ghowst too!"

This was too much. The Ghost, forgetting that he was "buried Denmark," took two smart paces to his front and, shaking his fist over the footlights, said in tones far more suitable to The Square than the Stage:

"All right, Private Willis, C Company—I seen you 'idin' be'ind that pillow! I'll knock your (dripping with gore) block off after the show."

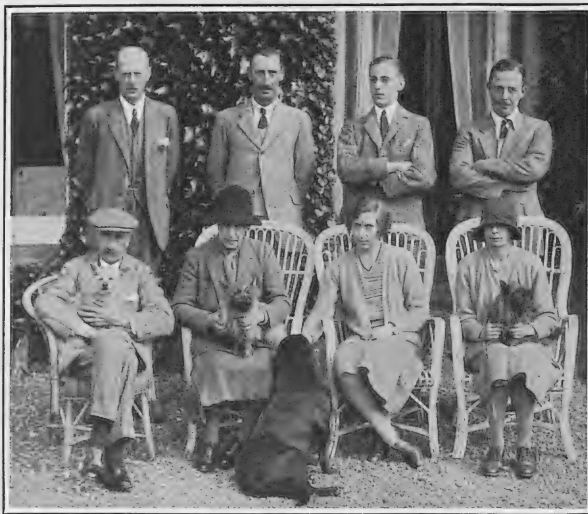
He then went on with his stuff about the quills upon the fretful "porpentine"—the eternal blazon and "is foul and most unnatural murder." It was as good a bit of *Hamlet* as I have ever struck.

Some unknown (unhappily) friend who is on the edge of going to a dental parlour has been most kind in writing to me to say that he thinks I am an exceedingly able counter-irritant—"now as in the time of the War when I was in Ruhleben"—and he presents me with two little stories which you may or may not consider grim. One is about a dentist and so is the other one. He says that he went to "his man" (*avec doctor*) for a few tug-'em-harder moments. When he sat down in the chair, rather similar to the one in which you sit when you have your hair cut, the doctor said:—

"How many do you want me to take out?"

The tooth carpenter said: "How many, old boy? Well, really, I don't

care—six or seven, seven or eight—really I don't much mind!" At that moment the placid bit of jelly in the chair came to life and said: "That's rather jolly of you, isn't it? But if you don't mind my saying so, they are *my* teeth after all!"



A PERTSHIRE COMING-OF-AGE PARTY

John Wilson

The house party at Cromlix, near Dunblane, for the coming-of-age celebrations of Mr. George Vane Hay-Drummond, son and heir of Colonel Arthur William Henry Hay-Drummond of Cromlix, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Kinnoull. The names in this group, left to right, are: seated—Colonel Hay-Drummond, Mrs. Hay-Drummond, Lady St. John-Mildmay, and Miss Hay-Drummond; standing—Colonel Peack, Sir Anthony St. John-Mildmay, Mr. George Vane Hay-Drummond, and Mr. Dunbar

The other one is about a man who was so fat-headed as to pretend to be super-brave. He had only one to have out. He engaged the dentist in pleasant conversation whilst the tweezer were being boiled. He said: "I never worry about a spot of pain, myself! Do you know when I was sugar planting in Tatanaragoa I once had to have an eye out? I said to the doctor, 'Don't you worry about an anæsthetic! Just carry on!' Well, he took my eye out whilst I hung on to the kitchen table and then he put it back again! Oh, you say the local anæsthetic has had time to sink in, do you? and you want me to open my mouth? Look here—you aren't going to *hurt* me, are you?"

I know another one about the same sort of thing. It happened to some-one's cousin—female, beautiful, but tooth-achy. She at long last summoned up enough courage to go to the local lethal chamber, accompanied by boy friend by way of support. The moment she got into the torture place and sat down in that chair she started to scream for all she was worth. The dentist, a very kindly soul, said:

"What is the matter? Are you in great pain?"

"Oh, No!" said she. "I was only just showing you how much I *could* bear!"

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viii

This "new-weave"
BLANKET is
 ► **WARM** . . in winter
 ► **COOL** . . in summer



Feather-light—yet it gives you *extra* warmth on bitter-cold winter nights—and cool, refreshing sleep in sultry summer weather. Restful, tranquil sleep all the year round.

Lan-air-cel—the cellular blanket. *Magically warm! Magically cool!* Woven in a pattern of small cells that hold countless small pockets of air. Adjusting itself to *every change in the temperature.*

Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin-bound or with whipped ends. In Cream and 9 exquisite pastel shades. Can be washed again and again without fading or shrinking. At all good stores.

Write for booklet "Healthier Sleep" (post free) and for the name of your nearest retailer, to McCallum & Craigie Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2, or 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

LAN-AIR-CEL
REGD.
CELLULAR BLANKET
 CHOSEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

INVENTED 100,000,000 B.C. Mother Nature hit on the idea of the air-cell as a protective covering aeons ago when she invented fur and feathers which catch and hold countless small pockets of air. Since air is a *non-conductor of both heat and cold*, Nature's covering keeps animals and birds "warm in winter and cool in summer."

In making Lan-air-cel, we have used Nature's artifice and woven a cellular blanket for your greater bodily comfort and repose every night of the year.

Established nearly a century
JAY'S
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SHOWERPROOF COAT in beige Herringbone tweed, lined Polonaise. This model is made with the "Zip" fastening at sides to allow more room when seated in car. In an attractive range of sporting colourings. **8½ gns.**
 (Mantle Department, First Floor.)

JAY'S LTD. REGENT ST. W.1

An Anglo-Norwegian Wedding.

The marriage will shortly take place in the Cathedral at Bergen, Norway, between Colonel Francis H. D. C. Whitmore, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., D.L., of Orsett Hall, Essex, and Froken Ellis Christense Johnsen, the elder daughter of Herr Direktør Knud Johnsen and True Johnsen (*née Lampe*) of Bergen, Norway.

Marrying Soon.

On September 24, Mr. Anthony Richard Thomas Coke marries Miss Joan Holland Loring at Turweston Church; two days later is the day of the wedding of Mr. Francis John Milward, M.Ch., F.R.C.S., and Miss Rosemary Gwendoline Smedley Aston, which will take place at Great Missenden; early in October, Mr. Edward Graham-Moon, 15/19 Hussars, and Miss Cynthia Rosamund Avery are being married; October 7 is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. Christopher M. Hodgkinson and Miss Leila Guyatt, and it is to be at St. Mary's Church, Byfleet; and on October 9 Mr. Anthony John Duncombe-Anderson marries Miss Gloranna Georgina Valerie McNulty at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The marriage between Mr. T. Kennedy-Moffat and Miss Ursula Krabbe will take place on October 15 at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.



MRS. W. SHELTON DES FORGES

Formerly Miss Beryl Robinson, the younger daughter of the late Captain Arthur Robinson and Mrs. Robinson of Leeds and London, whose marriage to Mr. Walter Shelton des Forges took place on September 5. Mr. des Forges is Assistant Town Clerk of Norwich and is the son of Mr. C. L. des Forges, Town Clerk of Rotherham, and Mrs. des Forges

Weddings and Engagements

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Hugh A. P. Hutchins, Royal Artillery, third son of the late Colonel H.L. and of Mrs. Hutchins of Berkhamsted, and Miss Nina Hunt, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hunt of Boreatton Hall, Salop; Mr. Horace Maylin Vipian Wright, the eldest



MISS JEAN FERGUSON

Who is marrying Dr. W. E. Tucker, the International and Blackheath Rugby player, on October 1, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson of Albert Court, S.W.

Lieut.-Commander J. H. C. Minter, Royal Navy, eldest son of the late Staff-Surgeon E. D. Minter and Mrs. Minter of Plymouth, and Miss Heloise Marion (Ella) Rosling, the only child of the late Mr. Albert Rosling of Imboolpitiya, Nawalapitiya, Ceylon, and Mrs. Rosling of 76, Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W., and Tideways, Bosham, Sussex; Lieut.-Commander Colin Wauchope, Royal Navy, the younger son of the late Mr. Edward Wauchope and of Mrs. Wauchope of Goldings, Loughton, Essex, and Miss Elina Mary Lingen Burton, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. F. Lingen Burton and of Mrs. Burton of Longner Hall, Shrewsbury; Mr. Arthur Owen Saunders Davies of Cilwendeg Park, Pembroke-shire, the only son of the late Mr. A. P. Saunders Davies and of Mrs. Saunders Davies; and Miss Elsie Rosenheim, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rosenheim of 3, Bickenhall Mansions, W.



MRS. ANTHONY PEEL ETHELSTON

Who was married on September 10 to Mr. Anthony Andrew Peel Ethelston, was formerly Miss Sheila Greer, the eldest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Greer of Lowndes House, Lowndes Place, S.W.



LADIES' HAIRDRESSING

Hairwork of a high standard is an important section of the Ladies' Hairdressing Salon at Peter Robinson's. The finest quality wavy hair is used in the making of Postiches, which are artistic and natural in appearance. There is a wide variety from which to choose, but any style of Hairdressing can be reproduced to suit individual requirements. The Department is arranged in such a way that ladies may consult an Expert in private. His advice on any point is willingly given free of charge.

Shingle Head-dresses are made in different styles, varying from the early short shingling to the present curls. They are comfortable to wear and convenient, requiring practically no dressing. They are light in weight and self-adjusting; no pins or combs are necessary except as ornaments when desired. The illustration is of a typical Shingle Head-dress.

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HAIRDRESSING BOOKLET
on request.



Miss Gillian Lind

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG ACTRESS NOW
APPEARING IN A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH*
AT THE ST. JAMES THEATRE

writes

"I MUST emphasise how thoroughly Phosferine keeps one always fresh and vigorous, looking and working at one's best. When playing a rather tiring comedy part, there is such a tax on the nerves in endeavouring to gain just the right effects, that you may be sure I am very glad of the wonderful assistance Phosferine gives in keeping up my health and spirits, so that I feel always able to play at the top of my form. Phosferine is by far the best means of rallying one's flagging energies, and maintaining youthful sparkle, as even if I should be a trifle jaded or depressed before the show commences, I find a little Phosferine soon puts me quite all right, and I go through the performance satisfactorily and without strain. When I think of the many disabilities Phosferine saves me from, I cannot praise it too highly."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

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Exhaustion

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Weak Digestion
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

ALSO use PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the TONIC Fruit Saline—it TONES as it Cleanses.

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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In various designs from £2-15-0 upwards.

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Ask for "ESSÉ" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Established 1854. Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

One of the things for which one has most cause to be thankful is if one has a hobby, and ours is one of the best. It is always changing, something fresh is always turning up, it takes one out of doors, and also out of oneself, and brings one in contact with other people and their interests. It also gives employment to multitudes of people, and interest to many lives which would otherwise have none. Furthermore, there is the continual pleasure of studying the mind and character of the dog, not only improving his breed and outward appearance but training and bringing out his mental qualities. In this connection dogs and people vary much. Some people have an uncanny knack of being able to train any dog without any effort, others can only attain to it with difficulty, and some never can at all. The dog that has been cast out by some people as "a hopeless fool" has in several cases attained the highest honours in other hands. In these days of worry and depression it is of immense value to have a hobby like ours to turn to and to forget the troubles of the world in dogs and their less complicated problems.



MINIATURE POODLE

The property of Mrs. Walpole Harvey

We are all familiar with Mrs. Walpole Harvey's beautiful miniature poodles. She has had them for many years and bred some of the best and taken many high honours with them. Now comes the bad news that owing to continued illness she has, most reluctantly, decided to part with most of them. She will send full particulars to anyone who applies to her, and they can be seen by appointment. A good home is what she wants most for them. She is not going to breed them any more, so this is the last chance of buying direct from her famous kennel.



JAPANESE PUPS

The property of Miss Savile

Miss Savile writes she has some Japanese spaniel pups for sale, and sends a snap of them. They are four months old, and she says, "full of the joy of life." She also has a very good young bitch for sale, she says, "a perfect specimen." Miss Savile's address is Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate. All her pups are healthy and strong, as they should be, brought up in the bracing air of Harrogate.

After Toy breeds, comes the largest and most majestic of all dogs—the Irish wolf-hound. Miss Dawson still has two for sale, six months old, beautiful pups, as can be seen. She is anxious to get good homes for them before the winter. Irish wolf-hounds, in addition to their splendid appearance, make the most delightful companions, as they are gentle and devoted and very adaptable, also, contrary to what one would think, they are not large eaters.

Miss Lane has been doing very well with her training kennels and her shop at Brighton lately. She has three vacancies for pupils at the end of September. Twelve different breeds are kept, every branch of kennel work taught, and all pupils are taken to shows free of charge. Situations are found at the end of twelve months. The terms are moderate. Miss Lane will give full particulars on application. The kennels are personally recommended by Baroness Burton.

Miss Collier writes she is willing to take charge of the kennel of anyone who has no accommodation. Miss Collier has plenty of room and can breed, rear, show, trim, and handle. Egham is conveniently near London for anyone who has to live there, but likes the interest of a hobby nearby.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



IRISH WOLF-HOUNDS

The property of Miss Dawson

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

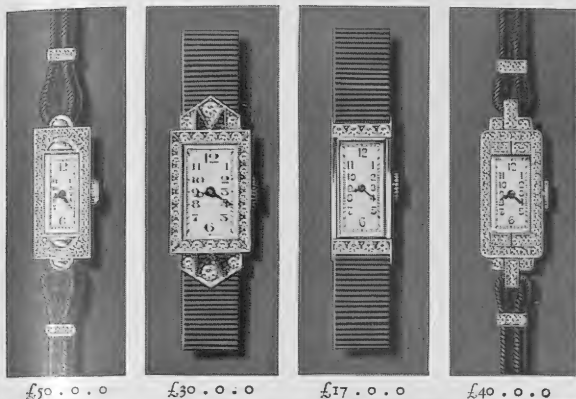
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HOW IT
RUNS

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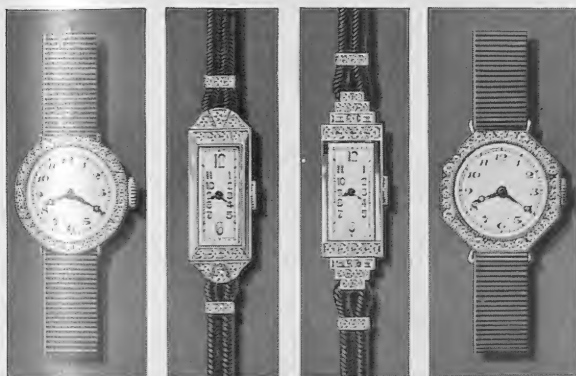
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STAM. Green and White fancy Tweed, with Brown caracul collar. **£5.15.0**

DAU. Brown Tweed, flecked with Green and White. Collar of Brown lamb. **£6.0.0**

so SMART

so INEXPENSIVE and

so SUPREMEY TAILORED...

Mere illustrations cannot do justice to these examples of Nicoll's READY TAILORED Autumn Coats. You must see them for yourself!

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f REGENT
STREET**

"TAILORS SINCE THE REGENCY"

H. J. Nicoll & Co., Ltd., 120, Regent Street, W. 1

The Passing Shows

(Continued from p. 491)

face harmonizing with a somewhat colourless portrait of the girl who, prematurely it seemed, left her composer to his fame and fate and fell back on her trusty sergeant, a rôle which Mr. Dennis Noble sang with excellent operatic effect. As young Strauss, Mr. Robert Halliday used his sympathetic baritone voice to great advantage, and Miss Herbert left no doubt as to her qualities as a singer.

For style and grace, colour and movement, Act II would be hard to beat. The ballet, led by Madame Alexandra Danilova, in Doumayer's Gardens is a lovely picture, a score of white skirts fluttering like moonbeams before a mass built up of green arches and silhouetted against the darkling sky. In the next scene, the Pavilion, clever use is made of the same sky seen through slatted windows. The full-stage set of the gardens, lit with fairy lamps and thronged with Miss Doris Zinkeisen's bright uniforms and billowing skirts, has an unusual down-sloping perspective which leaves the back-cloth free for an ingenious display of fireworks. Verily these spectacular, floodlighting days belong to the electricians.

Musically and mechanically the final scene completes the enslavement, and the net result can only be described as another *White Horse Inn* with less conscious spectacle and music more readily remembered. These Strauss waltzes and quadrilles are the lightest and creamiest of Viennese pastry. Before their lilt and lusciousness jazz must surely pack up its saxophones and quit. "Oh, Danube, so blue (so blue, so blue) My heart is with you (my heart's with you). . . ." Who can resist that final surge of One, two, three? "TRINCULO."



MISS JOAN MAUDE IN "THOSE NAUGHTY NINETIES" AT THE CRITERION

The period of this play is only just before the Boer War, long after Dundreary whiskers, for one thing, had gone out. Miss Joan Maude, who is a daughter of Miss Nancy Price (Mrs. Charles Maude) plays one of the rather perplexing young women

Polo Notes

(Continued from p. 504)

then settled, or practically so, and for good or ill the G.O.C. expedition Captain Charles Trenayne saw no possibility of starting to construct all over again. Whether it would have been a good thing to select the Goulburn No. 1 or the Goulburn No. 3 it is not at this moment profitable to discuss. Probably we had the wrong man at No. 1 when we met America. That was the general opinion over there, but there was no question of keeping the International team "a close preserve for London," to quote part of my Australian friend's letter. Captain R. George, who was in the "camp," was from India; Mr. L. L. Lacey spends most of his days in Buenos Aires; and Mr. Gerald Balding had been in business in America. Captain Roark, therefore, was the only Londoner, and even his younger brother, Mr. Aidan Roark, who was in the "camp," can hardly be said to have been "London." As may be recalled, Mr. Aidan Roark was prevented from playing in America because after his arrival in Long Island trouble developed as a result of a bad fall he got at Hurlingham in one of the trial matches, and he had to have a serious operation. So that a charge of "parochialism" hardly lies, and that most emphatically is not the policy of the Powers As Be. In fact it is very much the other way on. The main difficulty, of course, in picking an International from Australia is the wide sea between us and the infrequency of our brethren's visits. There was no doubt in anyone's mind as to the quality of that Goulburn team. How could there be after what it did? I have endeavoured to make the position quite clear, and I hope I have succeeded?

A WELCOME CHANGE



B. IVEL
CHEESE & TOMATO PASTE

THIS new Cheese and Tomato sandwich paste with its fresh appetising flavour, is a welcome change. Can be used without butter. Just what you want for picnics, hiking, motoring, etc.

From all Grocers. In glass jars 6d. and 9d.

Aplin & Barrett & The Western Counties Creameries Ltd.



Smoked by the Carriage Gentry!

It's like magic the way the little absorbent linen filter hidden in every "Royal Beauties" cigarette intercepts the particles of nicotine that used to irritate your throat when you smoked ordinary cigarettes. Just you buy "Royal Beauties" and enjoy yourself—they have been smoked by many of the most critical smokers in England for over 40 years.

Turkish. In three sizes. Unconditionally guaranteed pure. 9/6, 10/6 & 12/6 per hundred. Virginia. In two sizes. 7/6 & 8/6 per hundred.

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LLAMOVEL Coats that will delight you . . . cut on free fashionable lines from a fabric famed for its luxurious elegance, now used only for Rodex productions. Coats of real charm; beautiful and durable, yet moderate in price. Can man devise or woman desire a finer outdoor coat?

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HARVEY NICHOLS



New, chic, and alluring—a copy of a Reboux model in felt. Worn at the very latest angle, it adopts amusing little felt bows at either side. Made in Harvey Nichols' workrooms, in navy, brown or black, and in any other colour to order. **49/6**

This charming hat of felt dips deeply over the right eye. Wide satin ribbon trims the crown and forms a big Victorian bow at the back. Copied in Harvey Nichols' workrooms from a le Monnier model—in black and the new autumn shades. **63/-**

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 506

concerned, but the fence that has to be jumped is the simple fact that about a quarter of a million people are prepared to pay for admission each succeeding October. It would be a hard heart that could turn so many—and so much—away.

The Combine.

I think it must be about two and a half years since the interests of Humber, Hillman, and Commer became as one. What has been accomplished in this time is probably less than the energetic principals would have wished, but a great deal more than any others could possibly have expected. It is fine to know that this great concern has attained a great success in its endeavour to build up overseas trade, thereby lightening the pressure upon the pockets of every one of us. This very week as ever is Rootes, Ltd., at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, are having a sort of private motor show, to which all interested are invited, where they are putting forward, for all the world to see, evidence of their manifold activities. In their numerous and most attractive guises you can to-day find the Hillman Wizard and the Vortic, the Humber 16/50-h.p., the Snipe (better value than ever), and the Pullman. I have just been examining one of the last, and at its price, £735, it is a genuine luxury car, the superior of which I do not know. For the 10-h.p. Hillman we shall have to wait until the show itself. But I am breaking no confidences in expressing my belief that it is a really commodious motor-car (not at all a Baby car) with an astonishing performance and at an astonishing price. *Eheu fugaces!* These new things make my old 14-h.p. Hilda rather out of date, but for all her 40,000 miles she goes as well as ever!

"This Motoring!"

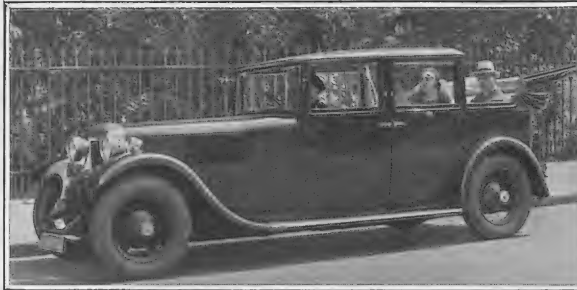
Such is the title of a unique work from the pen of my excellent friend, Stenson Cooke, secretary of the Automobile Association. To a few of us it is merely the racy

rehearsal of ancient history. Therefore, old motorists will read it with peculiar interest—more than that, I will bet that (as I did) they will read it several times over. The motorist of a later generation is simply shirking a duty and denying himself a pleasure if he does not buy and read this book, for it tells him the history of a great organization for which he ought to be profoundly grateful. And it tells it in a singularly charming manner. As a newcomer he may not easily recognize the "Walters" and the "Charles" (Major Cooke should have given us a *dramatis personae* in an appendix), but he will certainly appreciate what these big-hearted, public-spirited sportsmen have done for him. It was well time that the story of the A.A.—a real romance if ever there were one—should be told. Stenson Cooke (and there was none so well qualified) has told it in an inimitable manner that stamps him as an excellent raconteur (at which he will doubtless exclaim "Ooh!") and also as a diplomat. Good luck to him and to the great organization in the construction and expansion of which he has played so noble a part.

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The Automobile Association has prepared an interesting and informative booklet for the benefit of A.A. members who desire to obtain the Air Ministry's "A" licence to fly. The contents include a synopsis of the regulations with which the intending pilot must comply, a list of the addresses of all clubs or schools throughout the British Isles where flying instruction is obtainable, and a note of the fees payable in each case.

In the International Six Days' Trial, the biggest event in motor-cycling, which finished at Milan this week-end, Italy triumphed, but Britain supplied the oil for the victors. The Gilera team won the International Trophy and F.I.C.N. gold medal—and the same oil, Wakefield Castrol, was used by the Mas team, which won the silver cup in the 500 cc. class. In addition, twenty-four gold medals and seven silver medals were won by Castrol users.



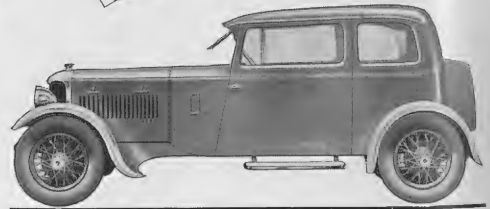
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE RUMBOLD WITH LADY RUMBOLD
Sir Horace, who is Ambassador to Berlin, is here seen in his 20/30 Daimler landaulette, which has recently been delivered to him. The car is fitted with Daimler fluid fly-wheel and self-changing gear

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PLUGS

Too good to miss!

**BIG CAR PERFORMANCE
BUT LIGHT CAR COST**

**THE ACEDES MAGNA SEDAN**

The Acedes Magna Sedan has all the comfort, spaciousness and luxury of a large and roomy car, while yet retaining the "nippy" performance, the lightness of steering, and the well-known economy in running costs for which the Acedes is so well known.

It is a triumph of the principle of scientific lightweight construction. Judge for yourself—ask for a demonstration.

PRICES

Acedes Magna Sedan	£415
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Acedes Sports Six	£400
Acedes Royal Coupé	£335



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ITALIAN 1,000 MILE ROAD RACE

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June 21

EVENTS

BELGIAN 24-HOURS RACE

July 4

OF 1931

LA MARNE GRAND PRIX

July 5

ALL

SHELSLEY WALSH HILL CLIMB

July 11

WON

BELGIAN GRAND PRIX

July 12

ON

GERMAN GRAND PRIX

July 19

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BURBERRY OVERCOATS

are made from Burberry-proofed pure wool Tweeds or Coatings, in colourings appropriate for either Autumn or Winter wear in town or country.

They are cut by experts and tailored, inside as well as out, with the utmost care to preserve their spruce lines for "life."

Apart from their fine materials and perfect workmanship, Burberry Overcoats are the most protective coats that money can buy. They are light enough to be comfortable on close days, yet, proofed by Burberrys' process, provide the

**Best of Weatherproofs
when it's Wet, and
Warmest of Overcoats
when it's Cold**

BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1



NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, make an urgent appeal for a young mother of twenty-four who has been a helpless cripple since the birth of her first baby eighteen months ago. During child-birth she caught some germ which caused severe spinal trouble, and her legs and arms have been quite useless ever since. She is a good-looking and very intelligent woman and feels well in herself. Her child is a bonny strong boy and is being cared for by her mother-in-law. For many months this devoted old woman also nursed and cared for the crippled mother until she became too worn out with the heavy burden of both child and mother. The father is a bill-poster and lives with his mother and helps her all he can as well as paying for his baby, but his earnings are most precarious just now. Last winter it became absolutely necessary for the young crippled mother to go into the infirmary where she has been ever since, but she frets so much and is so unhappy that the doctor strongly advises a little change. She could go to her husband's people at the seaside for two months, they would look after her and the baby, but they are very poor people and cannot do it for nothing. Her husband will pay all he can, the extra needed will only be a matter of £6 which will include the hire of a wheel-chair. Do please help to send this poor woman to see the sea and enjoy a change this year.



MR. L. T. NECK

The newly-appointed managing director of the Columbia Gramophone Company. Mr. Neck is one of those refreshing persons known as an optimist. He was all through the War when the thing that saved us was keeping our tails curled up right over our backs.

The reports of all the Trade Missions that have recently been issued have emphasized the importance of personal visits by principals of firms to the markets which they seek to develop. To encourage such visits, and as a contribution towards a revival in trade, the P. and O. and Orient lines have decided to offer a specially low flat rate for the journey to Australia, and back in the 1st Class of their Mail Steamers, provided that the round voyage is completed in the same ship. Passengers can either go round the Australian coast in the ship, which will take them to each of the State Capitals in turn, or they can leave the ship at any Australian port and rejoin her at the same or any other Australian port homeward bound, thus having up to thirty-four days on shore. The round voyage lasts ninety-six days (a fortnight can be saved by making use of the overland connection), and the route by Suez is varied and interesting. The price is only £150, slightly over 30s. a day, and covers all accommodation except bath-room cabins. It is really almost cheaper to travel 1st Class to Australia and back than to stay at home and for anyone who wants to escape the English winter the trip is ideal. The ticket is available the whole year round. Particulars can be obtained from P. and O. Tours, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from the Managers of the Orient Line, Anderson, Green and Co., Ltd., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.

Douglas Byng, who has been holiday-making in the South of France is going to America early in October to fulfil an engagement at what is probably the highest salary ever paid to a British cabaret artist. Mr. Byng is appearing at Mousigneur to say *au revoir* to his hosts of friends, and it is appropriate that the restaurant should be *en fête* for the occasion. The management has therefore decided to hold a series of gala nights from September 15 to 26. As well as Douglas

Who are the FAVOURITE FILM STARS?

£500

**IN CASH PRIZES
IN EASY COMPETITION**

Offered by the proprietors of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

**1ST PRIZE £200
2ND PRIZE £100
3RD PRIZE £50
30 PRIZES OF £5**



If you are a cinema-goer—and who isn't these days?—this competition will appeal to you as one of the easiest and most fascinating! Nothing to think hard about or juggle with. A competition after your own heart!

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Below, on the entry form, are 16 names of leading film stars. Number them in what you think is the order of their popularity; then POST signed entry form, together with three outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, in an envelope (14d. stamp) to "Film Stars," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Send as many attempts as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by three wrappers as above. If several entry forms are enclosed in one envelope, the space for name and address must be filled in on each form. Additional entry forms can be had by sending a stamped addressed

envelope to "Coupons," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66, Park Street, London, S.E.1. The competitor whose list agrees, or most nearly agrees, with the popular order will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. In case of ties, prizes will be divided. The decision of the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final. This is a condition of entry. No correspondence will be entered into. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery, and the proprietors will not be responsible for any letter lost or delayed in the post.

**Competition Closes
Oct. 31, 1931.**

Result will be published
in the "Daily Mail" on
November 21st, 1931.



MRS. FREDDIE SIMONIS

A pleasing snapshot in the Biarritz sun, where she has been staying recently with her husband. Mrs. Simonis' husband is a well-known figure in Fleet Street journalistic circles

Byng there will be Roy Fox and his band, and Mantovani and his Trigrane orchestra—a truly wonderful programme.

In the issue of THE TATLER of September 2 a snapshot was published which purported to be of the famous Dolly Sisters. The snapshot was not of the Dolly Sisters, and we apologise for the stupid mistake of the photographer who sent in the picture, and regret any annoyance which it may have caused.

PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN INK	Name of Star	PUT YOUR NO. HERE IN INK	Name of Star
	CONSTANCE BENNETT		RONALD COLMAN
	CHARLIE CHAPLIN		JANET GAYNOR
	RUTH CHATTERTON		CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS
	HAROLD LLOYD		NANCY CARROLL
	GRETA GARBO		CHARLES FARRELL
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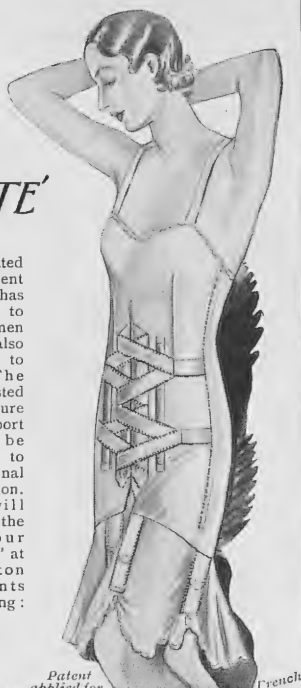
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The model illustrated shows a combined garment which our Corsetière has designed not only to support both abdomen and diaphragm, but also to mould the figure to a slimming line. The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be adapted, if necessary, to give special abdominal support after an operation. Our Corsetière will gladly demonstrate the advantages of our "Corslo Croisette" at any time. In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

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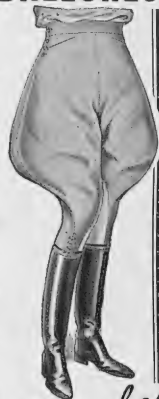
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flesh,
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equal to 2½ dozens
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Complete with tap and carriage paid. Try the excellent quality of it. 25/- for two bottles from your wine merchant or post paid from Perth.

ENQUIRIES INVITED FOR EXPORT
MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
Bordeaux House, Perth, Scotland

Air Eddies—continued from p. 484

at Calshot that the initial acceleration is very slow. It is the first 20 or 30 m.p.h. that are hard to build up. Thereafter, when the nose can be eased forward, the acceleration is exceedingly rapid right up to near the maximum speed. The result is that a moment of great delicacy demanding the most precise visual judgment and delicacy of muscular co-ordination occurs during every take-off just after the machine has been lifted from the water.

In the air there is no very elaborate technique in the flying. The controls are well balanced and positive. The machines behave normally on turns; but evidently for racing purposes an elaborate technique and great manual accuracy are needed when turning. The landing, however, is difficult. The engine is first throttled down and the machine set at its gliding angle, which is very flat. The Schneider seaplanes glide in the region of 130 m.p.h. At speeds much below this they tend to sink quickly. The air speed is difficult to judge without the aid of instruments, and the high-speed pilots use their instruments for helping them to gauge their gliding speed. But it is possible to estimate the speed of glide without instruments, and Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth on at least one occasion was forced to do so by the failure of the air speed indicator.

Landing.

The landing is made in the usual way except that there is no room for errors. The "learner's bounce" followed by the opening of the engine and a second circuit is not permissible because the torque is such that, if the engine is opened suddenly when the machine is close to its stalling speed and the ailerons soggy, it would twist the seaplane round the aircrew and probably tip one wing into the water.



MISS AMY JOHNSON IN JAPAN

A group of particular interest in view of the fact that Miss Amy Johnson arrived back safely last week from her wonderful flight to Japan. This group was taken at an informal tea-party to Miss Amy Johnson and her mechanic, Mr. Humphrey, by General Nagaoka, who has the world's record moustache and is President of the Aeronautical Society of Japan. In the group, left to right, are: Madame Nagaoka, Miss Johnson, Mr. Ash (an American pilot), Mr. Humphrey, and General Nagaoka

These are the problems which Squadron-Leader Orlebar, Flight-Lieuts. Stainforth, Boothman, and Long, and Flying-Officer Snaith have had to tackle and have tackled so courageously. Do not let us forget that the collapse of the French and Italian official challenges was due largely to the energy and determination with which our pilots did their work. Nothing stopped them, and nothing served to deflect them in the slightest degree from their purpose.

And for the manufacturers no praise is too high. For several weeks I watched them at work upon a task which is unrivalled for difficulty and patience-trying qualities in the whole range of mechanics—the task of preparing a racing machine. At the rate of twenty-four hours a day they have performed prodigies of technical skill, and whatever the result may be by the time these notes appear (for I write before the event is due) the country's thanks must be given to the team and to the manufacturers.

Eve at Golf (continued from p. 510)

handicaps scratch to 9. In the other division, 10 and upwards, Miss Aline de Gunzburg, the Esmonds' cousin, won the first scratch prize with 91, and the second handicap, second scratch, and first handicap going to Miss Lashmore from Willesley Park with 92—13=79. The Whitfield twins were in great afternoon form to win the 9-hole Greensomes with 4 up. And the most remarkable thing was that the sun shone and the day made a brave pretence to be summer. Whether it went on equally well, and who won the Girls' Championship, must be told next week.

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted

Settlement Sport Travel & Trade

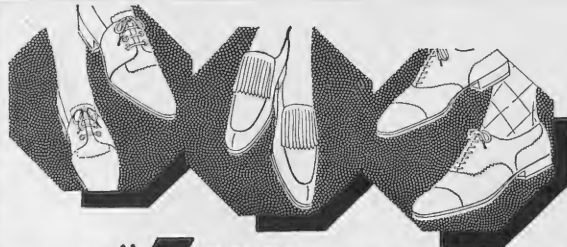
If you are interested in Settlement, Sport, Travel and Trade, WE CAN BE OF SERVICE.

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IS IT A ZUG UPPER?



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These charming helmets are shaped to fit the head and keep the waves in perfect order during sleep. Not genuine "Ladye Jayne" without the Tab (inside) Regd. design.

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From hairdressers and good stores (including Harrods, Selfridge's and Fooks, Ltd.). Ask also for "Ladye Jayne" Hairpins and Grips.

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

FASHIONABLE TAILORED SUIT (as sketch No. 1) in black Granya, well cut with collar and revers of white broadtail. Also in new autumn colours.

MADE TO ORDER FROM $18\frac{1}{2}$ GUINEAS

Hat to match of fine velour with feather fantasie - $79/6$

DISTINCTIVE TAILORED SUIT (as sketch No. 2) of Cheviot Tweed. Smartly cut coat with collar, fronts and pockets of caracul, and belt of leather at waist; the skirt has a box pleat and inverted pleats. In autumn colours.

MADE TO ORDER FROM $16\frac{1}{2}$ GUINEAS

The Hat to match of fine quality felt with centre feather trimming and ribbon band - $4\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

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Catalogue of made-to-order Suits post free.



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Jacket to match, gathered on shoulder, finished bows at side to tie.

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Photo by Lenare.

Posed by Nora Swinburne.

THE "R.H."—A perfectly plain well-cut Hat in "Robert Heath" quality felt. Absolutely waterproof—light weight and can be rolled up. Ideal for all sportswear. Brooch 5/6 extra. PRICE **29/6**



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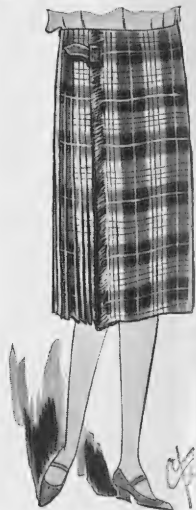
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We will gladly send you free, on application, a copy of our Illustrated Folder, together with name of the nearest Gossard distributor.

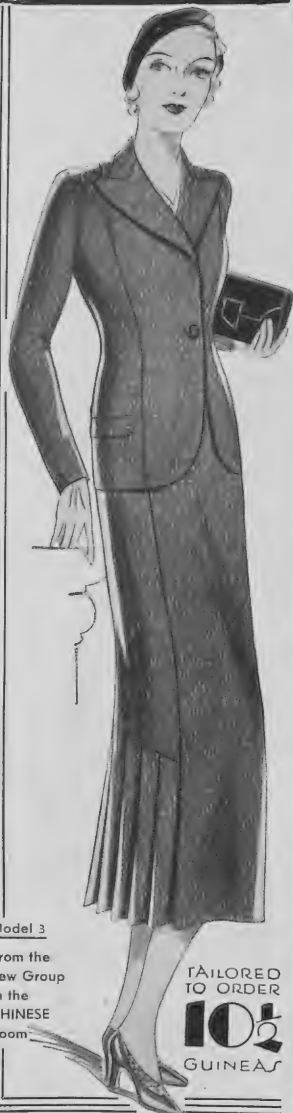
Model 5468.—GOSSARD HOOKAROUND in royal balliste. The reinforced back with invisible boning, and strong elastic sections, give firm figure support. Peach. Sizes 24 to 36. Price 39/6

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TO ORDER
10½
GUINEAS

- BROAD SHOULDERS
 - ● WIDE REVERS . . . stressing a
 - ● ● SLIM FITTED WAIST
- placed high—

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THIS Small but Exclusive Collection has been secured on exceptional terms, owing to the depreciation of the Chinese Dollar.

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INCLUDED are beautiful examples of native handicraft, some have drawn threads, and others Point-du-Turque.

Perfection of detail and smartness of design mark the entire collection—every garment is a perfect reproduction of a Paris Model. The items given here may be accepted as an index to the amazing value.

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This page contains five suggestions only, but there are plenty of others — at almost any price you would like to pay.

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sports suit

sports dress
with divided
skirt...10½ gns.
Leather coat
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Hat...59/6



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Now! a Lip Rouge That Lasts *All Day!*

*A French Discovery
that Takes the Bother
Out of Make-up. No
Caking, No Drying, No
Unsightly "Lipstick Line"*
—You Make up But Twice
a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A way has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making-up every hour, you make-up only once or twice a day.

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and England it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making-up.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Rouge Incarnat* and is probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on *BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS*. And thus gain a colour harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge — both, invariably, of different colour.

Thus you gain the *PERFECT* Parisian make-up of to-day. And—it lasts for hours.

No more annoyance of constant make-up. No caking and no smearing, and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

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Angelus

Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe

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Mons. Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking.



You make up your lips once a day instead of every hour—and avoid entirely all drying, caking and unsightly lip-stick line.



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BEAUTIFORM

Regd. Trade Mark.

The World's Waist-line Garment.
BEAUTIFORM versus CORSETS.

This Dramatic Contrast is created by the Scientific Cut which Supports, Controls, and, by Elementary Pressure, Reduces.

Uplifts the Abdominal Muscles.
Freedom. Balance. Form.
NEW BREAST REDUCER.

Controls

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Regd. design

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OBTAINABLE AT

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As a sit-up car

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH CONVERTIBLE CAR

This popular model is quickly and easily converted from full-length type to a handsome sit-up car, as shown in the above illustrations. Due to this and to its long-wearing quality, it is suitable for baby at all ages and represents a distinct economy by obviating the necessity of a second car as baby grows older. It is beautifully finished and is constructed from finest materials throughout. This model is fully described in our catalogue which will be sent post free upon request, or it can be seen and demonstrated without obligation in our showrooms.

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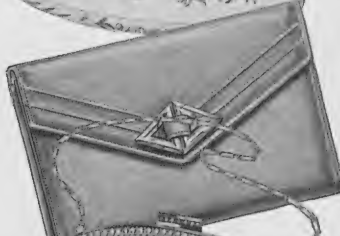
Fitted with dainty chromium-plated Watch and lined with Moiré. Fixed purse and mirror. Beige, Ecch-nut, Jade, Royal Red, Navy and Black. Size: 9½ × 5½ ins. (British-made Pochette.) FL 1595. **21/-**



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and fine beading are most effective on this Pochette. Moiré lining, puff case and mirror. Grounds: White, Coral, Jade, Saxe Blue and Flame. Size: 7 × 4 ins. (French.) FL 7931. **59/6**



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SLOane 1234

LONDON SW 1

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10 Gns. 15 Gns.

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VOGUE

PARIS OPENINGS & MILLINERY ISSUE



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The new clothes, as chosen by Vogue and worn by Vogue's readers, are dashing without being theatrical, piquant without being silly, distinctive without being extreme.

So what if you can't afford a single one of the French models shown in this issue? Use them as a standard in choosing the clothes you can afford and must have.

And as an additional help to the woman of limited income, Vogue has scoured the less expensive London shops for clothes with the latest fashion points—at prices to tone with the present call for economy.

In Vogue's opinion, these hats show how chic, how various, how becoming is the new mode. Maria Guy uses white caracul for a little pointed cap, Jean Patou boldly sticks a pouf of striped ribbon on black felt, Rose Descat makes the cloche look really new and as charming as ever for the English type. (Illustrations copyright Vogue.)

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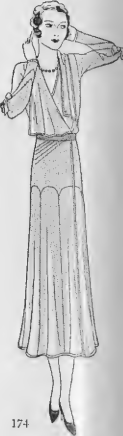
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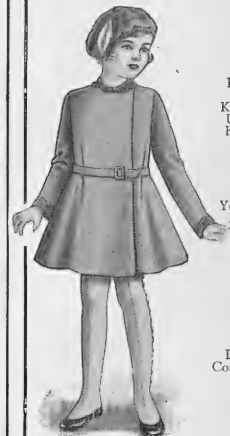
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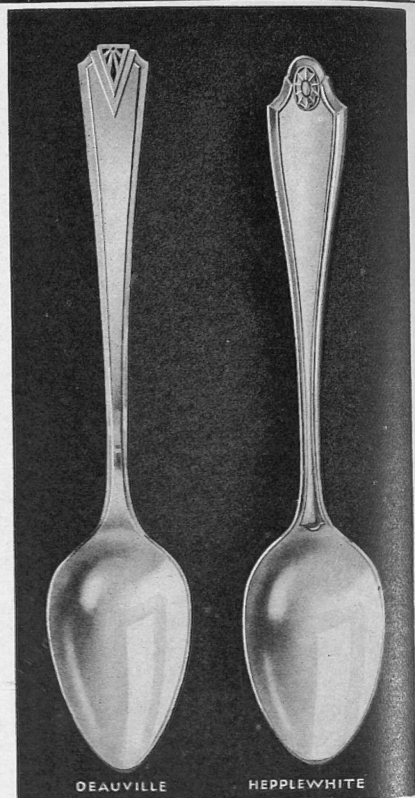
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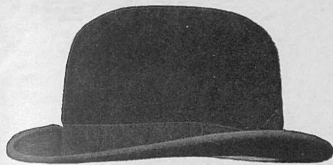
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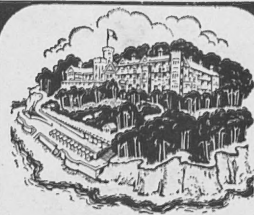
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Sir Edward: “But suppose you were racing that day and invested a tenner on it, what price do you think you would have been paid?”

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Sir Edward: “Nonsense; another tenner DARIAN on the Tote would have reduced the odds to about 25/1; there was only about £3 on it.”

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Lord Bob: “Why?”

Sir Edward: “Why, Duggie never sends money to the machine—that’s why you can wire up to the last minute without disturbing the pool.”

Lord Bob: “Splendid! Many thanks for the tip, old man; it’s Duggie for me in future.”

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